

# IMPROVEMENT ERA

Organ of the Priesthood Quorums and the Young Men's  
Mutual Improvement Associations of the Church  
of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints



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No. 8

## RACHEL RIDGEWAY IVINS GRANT.

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[At an early hour on the morning of January 27, 1909, Rachel Ridgeway Grant, affectionately known as "Grandma Grant," and the mother of Heber J. Grant, died in Salt Lake City. Sister Grant was the sixth child and third daughter of Caleb Ivins, whose grandmother was a Shreve, a family whose members have conspicuous mention in the history of New Jersey. While residing in Hornerstown with her uncle she first heard the gospel. She eventually joined the Church, and in 1842 went to Nauvoo, where she became acquainted with the Prophet Joseph Smith and other leading spirits of the Church, passing through many severe experiences incident to those days. After the martyrdom, she returned to Hornerstown where she resided until 1853, when, with her sister Anna and others who had joined the Church in that vicinity, she emigrated to Utah, arriving in Salt Lake City on the 10th of August that year. Two years later she married Jedediah Morgan Grant, and November 22, 1856, her only son, Heber J. Grant, of the quorum of Twelve Apostles, was born. Nine days later she was left a widow in very humble circumstances, preferring that condition to accepting an offer from her well-to-do relatives to return to New Jersey and to renounce her religion. She was president of the 13th ward Relief Society for upwards of thirty-five years, and was always faithful to her duties and cheerful under every condition. Of late years she was almost deprived of her hearing, which unfortunate condition restricted her public work. She bore it all, however, with that great patience and calmness so characteristic of her noble life. She was in her eighty-eighth year when she passed away, and since the celebration of her eightieth birthday, passed her days with her grand-daughter, Lucy Grant Cannon, in peace and restful happiness. Her remains were buried from the

27th ward chapel, January 29. The speakers who paid tribute to this true soldier of the cause and choice jewel of God, were Elder John Henry Smith, President Richard W. Young, and Presidents Joseph F. Smith, John R. Winder and Anthon H. Lund. Bishop James Maxwell presided.

Pall bearers.—B. F. Grant, A. W. Ivins, J. H. Grant, John H. Taylor, Ashby D. Boyle, Geo. J. Cannon.

Quartette, "Thou dost not weep to weep alone"—George D. Pyper, H. S. Ensign, Lizzie Thomas Edward, Mabel Cooper.

Prayer by Elder Joseph E. Taylor.

Solo, "Sister, thou wast mild and lovely," by George D. Pyper.

Elder John Henry Smith and President Richard W. Young spoke, and Mrs. Lizzie Thomas Edward sang, "Who are these arrayed in white?" Presidents John R. Winder and Anthon H. Lund spoke and Horace S. Ensign sang "O my Father." President Joseph F. Smith then delivered the closing sermon, reported by F. W. Otterstrom. The quartette sang "Farewell all earthly honors," and the benediction was pronounced by Elder Rulon S. Wells.—EDITORS.]

Elder John Henry Smith said:

*My Brethren and Sisters:*—It is a privilege to be in attendance upon these services this morning, and to stand in the presence of one such as Sister Grant, one who has been a genuine soldier of the cross all her life long, and who has lived to this good age and enjoyed good health, enabled to perform the duties that have attached to her life. She has been faithful, true, devoted and earnest. Her life's mission has been a labor of love and devotion to the truth, as she accepted it in her young womanhood, and with that earnest devotion and faith she has met life's vicissitudes with a spirit of heroism and with unwavering courage and faith. She had her part to bear, passing through a variety of tribulations and trials, during the early experiences of the Saints. Having been faithful, she has fulfilled her mission and gone forward. She went to her rest, with that faith unabated in any sense of the word.

This seems to be a day of the gathering of some of those aged and devoted heroes and heroines of this latter-day work, who came into this western land and put the best there was in them to the building up of this country, and the advancement of the cause of righteousness.

While it was not her privilege to go out into the world to travel, preach and minister, as some of our brethren have done, who have recently gone to their sleep; yet within the circle of her life she has shown that faith and virtue which have made her a stay and a strength to the people with whom she mingled—a guardian angel among the sick and afflicted, a prudent, conscientious and careful counselor to those who were in distress and needed counsel. She was an exem-

plar of every one of the ideals that we hold best in our lives, a genuine, devoted wife, a loving, earnest, thoughtful and prudent mother; a consistent Latter-day Saint; a thoroughly genuine, big-hearted, generous soul whose life-work has been the uplifting and betterment of her kind. Few can be found who have as faithfully fulfilled the duties and responsibilities that have rested on their hands. Left a widow in her early days, she followed out with devotion and courage the duties and responsibilities that she had accepted in her motherhood, and in the extension and spread of the work of the Almighty to which she had given her young life. It is a joy—if we can ever have joy in the presence of the dead—to feel that such has been the heroic character of this good woman. It is also a joy to realize that she has gone to her well-earned rest upon the other side, where that army of kinspeople and friends and loved ones, who have gone before, will welcome her with open arms and receive her into their companionship. They will have joy in her devotion and faithfulness while here, and in the fulfilment of her work. She has gone to that reckoning that must come to us all.

No words of mine can add to or take from the labors of such a woman as Sister Grant. Her work is done; her mission here is ended. We are to lay her away to await the morning of the resurrection, and that she will come forth clothed with glory, immortality and eternal life, in the due time of the Lord, there is no question in the minds of those who have known her, who have enjoyed her companionship, who have loved her as a mother, as a neighbor, as a friend, as a sister in the Church. We know her virtues and have felt that spirit of love and kindness that was so manifest in her character. Oh! I wish there were more women of her type of womanhood in this world. She was a woman whose devotion and faith, and the character of whose life has made a deep impression in the circle in which it has been her privilege to move; for all the men and all the women who have known her must, if they speak the truth, say that she was indeed one of the jewels sent of our God in the dispensation of the fulness of times, to have part in the establishment of his great latter-day work. We must recognize them as jewels sent of God; we recognize their exemplary lives, their consistent conduct, their unflinching courage, their thorough devotion to the principles of righteousness which the Lord has established. Such was the life and character of our sister whose remains lie here today.

I pray that the blessings of our God may attend her son, his children and grandchildren, and make them equal to the responsibilities that rest upon them. May they follow out the ideals exhibited in the life of such a mother, and may we who have known her intimately in our child-

hood, as boys and girls, and who have grown up under the immediate inspiration of her spirit, ever be able to hold in remembrance her memory, and may we recollect with satisfaction and joy the good words that she has spoken, the genial, and the proper example that she has set, the evidence of motherly worth, of wifely devotion, her consideration for the unfortunate, and all those elements that go to make both men and women pleasing and satisfactory to their Heavenly Father.

May God's blessings attend you, my brethren and sisters, and may his peace be over you, is my prayer, in the name of Jesus. Amen.

President Richard W. Young said:

*My Brethren and Sisters:*—I cannot recall the time in my life when I was not acquainted with Sister Grant. Through living very closely together, and I think possibly chiefly through being thrown together in the Sunday schools in the old Thirteenth ward, Brother Heber J. Grant and I became intimate very early in our lives, in an acquaintanceship that developed a friendship that has continued until this time; a friendship which, on my part at least, has been marked by an admiration for his character, for his ability and for his devotion to his mother, whose funeral we are attending today. Through that close intimacy and friendship with Brother Grant, I was very frequently in the house of Sister Grant, very frequently at her table, and I slept under her roof on many and many occasions. I am satisfied that my own recollections and opinions of Sister Grant are the recollections of all who are present. We who know anything of her life respect and admire her for the great fortitude of character which she displayed in her early days in identifying herself with an unpopular Church. We know how devoted she has been to that Church. We know how she has served the people. We know how devoted she has been as a mother, as a grandparent. We know what a benignity and peace have possessed her soul. We cannot remember her without the utmost satisfaction. She had a peace and a patience about her that is perhaps more truly characteristic of a testimony of the existence of God and a future existence than any other quality can possibly be. It seems to me that those who are truly converted to a future state must in patience rise above the petty annoyances of this life; they must or should show forth in their daily lives and intercourse with others an imperturbability to the annoyances of life that they cannot otherwise possess. One who is deeply convinced that he will live forever cannot be weighed down and perplexed with the trivialities of this world.

There was a calmness and a peace, as I have said, in the face, in



the words and in the life of Sister Grant, that I am satisfied convinced all who came in contact with her that she had an abiding faith in God and in his everlasting kingdom, and in her own salvation. She has died with the love of all who knew her and the respect of the entire community. May God preserve her memory, her blessed memory and example, to her generations after her. May God pour comfort into the heart of Brother Heber, who, though he knows, of course, that she has died full of years, and has lived beyond the ordinary and allotted time of men and women, yet parts from her with great sorrow and great grief. May God bless him and all the other members of the family, in my prayer, in the name of Jesus. Amen.

President John R. Winder said:

While we may have some sad reflections on occasions of this kind, there are many things that bring us joy and satisfaction. When we think of it, what a happy thought it is, that our sister has been faithful, and has gone to her eternal rest. While sitting here, I was thinking what a grand army she will meet on the other side, five presidents of the Church, a number of their counselors, and her honored and beloved husband. I remember him with much pleasure, always, because when I came to this country, a stranger in a strange land, her husband was among the first of those who extended the hand of kindness and fellowship to me, and gave me words of comfort and consolation which I have never forgotten.

I well remember the time, fifty-five years ago, when I had the pleasure and the honor of meeting with Sister Grant in our social gatherings; and from that time to the present I have never lost sight of her. I remember distinctly just exactly how she looked at that time—beautiful in appearance, and so lovely in disposition and character, even in her younger days. I have never met her since then without feeling better because of meeting her and conversing with her. I always felt happy and cheerful, because of the beautiful and delightful spirit which she had with her.

Again I say it is a happy thought that we feel so confident and sure that she has gone to a happy and glorious reward, and a pleasant reunion with her friends on the other side. Think of the joyful meeting and the honor and glory that will be her reward throughout all eternity; Isn't it a happy thought, my brethren and sisters?

She was just a few months older than I am—I do not remember how many, but only a few months. She has lived a happy life, always doing]the best she knew how in all her dealings, no matter with whom

she came in contact. She was always desirous of benefiting and doing good to all. I hope, my brethren and sisters, that we will remember her example, that we will strive, during our lives, to do all we can for the benefit of others, as she has done, that when we shall be called upon to go to the other side we may be as well prepared as she is. I hope that will be my lot.

I pray that the blessings of the Lord may rest upon the family. I pray that he will bless her son. I remember, also, the day when her beloved husband passed away, when she was left a widow, with our beloved brother Heber, her son. I remember the day of the funeral and all that pertained to it. All these things loom up before me this morning, just as clear as I see your faces, and bring to my recollection many good things that I might say in relation to her and her beloved husband and also her son Heber. May the Lord bless the family. May joy and peace be with them always, and when their time shall come, may they be prepared to go and meet her, is my prayer, in the name of Jesus, Amen.

President Anthon H. Lund said:

We are in the presence of the dead. Brother Young has said she has filled a glorious mission here upon the earth, and, as Brother Winder remarked, it is pleasing to contemplate such a life as she has lived. I have not been acquainted with her until of late years, but whenever I have met her my heart has gone out to her. She was the personification of patience. At social gatherings, although she could not hear what was said, she would sit patiently looking on, and she would enjoy it because she saw that we were enjoying ourselves. Whenever we looked at her, she had a smile for us. I loved that woman. I loved to meet her and shake hands with her. She had a beautiful spirit and led a useful life. I feel that it is indeed well with her, that she will meet her beloved husband and those who are near related to her, whom she loved here, and also the many friends that have gone before, with whom she was acquainted here upon the earth. More than a half century she was a widow, devoting herself to her son, who did not have the pleasure of knowing his father, his father being called away so early. She was devoted to her son, and in time was rewarded by seeing him called to be an apostle of the Church of Jesus Christ. This must have given her great joy. Later she had the joy of seeing her nephew called to the same position. I know it is well with Sister Grant. She gave herself to her husband—one of the greatest missionaries the Church has had, earnest and forceful, one who could convert souls and who could persuade

men and women in the Church to live nearer unto the Lord. Such was the husband she chose, and she has lived true to his memory. Today we meet here at her bier, and in a sense we feel no regret that she has been called away. Her son and all who knew her will miss her, but there is a happy reunion in store for them and for us all. May God bless us all and help us to follow the beautiful example that she has given us, and may we live so that it can be said of us, as has been said of her today, that we have well and truly fulfilled our mission here upon the earth, as she has done. May our Heavenly Father comfort her son and his children and all those who mourn, is my prayer, in the name of Jesus, Amen.

### OUR INDESTRUCTIBLE, IMMORTAL IDENTITY.

BY PRESIDENT JOSEPH F. SMITH.

I trust that I may be able to control my feelings and that I may say just a few words in connection with the many most pleasing and excellent things that have been said. I have felt especially and rather peculiarly touched since hearing of the sickness and death of Aunt Rachel Grant; not that the result of her sickness is anything extraordinary or unusual at her period of life, but because memories of the past are brought up, memories of relationships that have made her rather more to me than a mere sister or friend. Her life's history, altogether, may not be publicly known, and it is not my purpose to say anything especially of that, more than that the relationships and ties that have been formed here under the bond of the new and everlasting covenant are most sacred things of which the Lord himself will take cognizance and will adjust in the great future, according to his own wisdom and principles of righteousness.

I have learned to look upon Aunt Rachel as very near to me, from the days of my childhood, and I have regarded her in the light in which she has been spoken of by my cousin, John Henry Smith, and those who have spoken of her. Hers was a life exceptionally grand and pure and lovely. She was not only lovely in her appearance, and in her earthly being, but she was lovely in her spirit, her faith, her love of God, and in her integrity to the truth that she received in her youth. In heart and soul she has been true to these things all her life.

What a glorious thing it is to know and be true to that which has been revealed in these latter times through the instrumentality of the Prophet Joseph Smith. It was revealed anciently by the Savior himself, and he exemplified that glorious principle of which I wish to say a few words, and which has been renewed and emphasized more especially in these latter-days through Joseph Smith—I refer to our identity, our indestructible, immortal identity. As in Christ we have the example, he was born of woman, he lived, he died, and he lived again in his own person and being, bearing even the marks of the wounds in his flesh, after his resurrection from the dead,—so also a testimony has been given to you, in latter-days through the Prophet Joseph Smith and others who have been blest with knowledge, that the same individual being still lives and will always live. Jesus is possessed of immortality, and eternal life; and in evidence of his existence and his immortality, and in evidence of the great and glorious truths of the gospel which he taught, the death which he died, and the resurrection that he wrought from the dead, he has revealed himself and borne his own record and testimony to those who have lived and still live in this day and age. What a glorious thought it is, to me at least, and it must be to all who have conceived of the truth or received it in their hearts, that those from whom we have to part here, we will meet again and see as they are. We will meet the same identical being that we associated with here in the flesh—not some other soul, some other being, or the same being in some other form, but the same identity and the same form and likeness, the same person we knew and were associated with in our mortal existence, even to the wounds in the flesh. Not that a person will always be marred by scars, wounds, deformities, defects or infirmities, for these will be removed in their course, in their proper time, according to the merciful providence of God. Deformity will be removed; defects will be eliminated, and men and women shall attain to the perfection of their spirits, to the perfection that God designed in the beginning. It is his purpose that men and women, his children, born to become heirs of God, and joint heirs with Jesus Christ, shall be made perfect, physically as well as spiritually, through obedience to the law by which he has provided the

means that perfection shall come to all his children. Therefore, I look for the time when our dear Brother William C. Staines, whom we all knew so well, and with whom we were familiar for years—I was familiar with him all my life, just as I was familiar with Aunt Rachel here all my life, and do not remember the time when I did not know her—I look for the time, I say, when Brother Staines will be restored. He will not remain the crippled and deformed William C. Staines that we knew, but he will be restored to his perfect frame—every limb, every joint, every part of his physical being will be restored to its perfect frame. This is the law and the word of God to us, as it is contained in the revelations that have come to us, through the Prophet Joseph Smith. The point in my mind which I desire to speak of particularly is this: When we shall have the privilege to meet our mother, our aunt, our sister, this noble woman whose mortal remains lie here now, but whose immortal spirit has ascended to God from whence it came, when that spirit shall return to take up this tabernacle again, she will be Aunt Rachel in her perfection. She will not always remain just as she will appear when she is restored again to life, but she will go on to perfection. Under that law of restoration that God has provided, she will regain her perfection, the perfection of her youth, the perfection of her glory and of her being, until her resurrected body shall assume the exact stature of the spirit that possessed it here in its perfection, and thus we shall see the glorified, redeemed, exalted, perfected Aunt Rachel, mother, sister, saint and daughter of the living God, her identity being unchanged, as a child may grow to manhood or womanhood and still be the same being.

I want to say to my friends, my brethren and sisters, and to the kindred, that the Lord Almighty has revealed these truths to us in these days. We not only have it in the written word, we have it in the testimony of the Spirit of God in the heart of every soul who has drunk from the fountain of truth and light, and that witness bears record of these words to us. What else would satisfy us? What else would satisfy the desire of the immortal soul? Would we be satisfied to be imperfect? Would we be satisfied to be decrepit? Would we be satisfied to remain for ever and ever in the form of infirmity incident to age? No! Would we be satis-

fied to see the children we bury in their infancy remain as children only, throughout the countless ages of eternity? No! Neither would the spirit that did possess the tabernacles of our children be satisfied to remain in that condition. But we know our child will not be compelled to remain a child in stature always, for it was revealed from God, the fountain of truth, through Joseph Smith the prophet, in this dispensation, that in the resurrection of the dead the child that was buried in its infancy will come up in the form of the child that it was when it was laid down, then it will begin to develop. From the day of the resurrection, the body will develop until it reaches the full measure of the stature of its spirit, whether it be male or female. If the spirit possessed the intelligence of God and the aspirations of mortal souls, it could not be satisfied with anything less than this. You will remember we are told that the spirit of Jesus Christ visited one of the ancient prophets and revealed himself to him, and he declared his identity, that he was the same Son of God that was to come in the meridian of time. He said he would appear in the flesh just as he appeared to that prophet. He was not an infant; He was a grown, developed spirit; possessing the form of man and the form of God, the same form as when he came and took upon him a tabernacle and developed it to the full stature of his spirit. These are truths that have been revealed to us. What for? To give us intelligent hope; to give us intelligent aspiration; to lead us to think, to hope, to labor and accomplish what God has aimed and does aim and design that we should accomplish, not only in this life, but in the life to come.

I rejoice exceedingly that I know and have known nearly all my life such a noble woman. I do not remember the first time that I saw Aunt Rachel, I can't recall it; it seems to me I always knew her, just as I knew my mother in my childhood and all the way through life; and I rejoice exceedingly in this testimony of the Spirit of the Lord that has come to us through revelation in the latter days. Through this testimony I am confident that I shall see Aunt Rachel by and by; and when I go—and I expect to go, perhaps, long before she shall recover this tabernacle—I expect to meet her there. I expect to meet the same individual that I knew here. I expect to be able to recognize her just as I could

recognize her tomorrow, if she were living. I believe I will know just exactly whom she is and what she is, and I will remember all I knew about her; and enjoy her association in the spirit as I did in the flesh; because her identity is fixed and indestructible, just as fixed and indestructible as the identity of God the Father and Jesus Christ the Son. They cannot be any other than themselves. They cannot be changed; they are from everlasting to everlasting, eternally the same; so it will be with us. We will progress and develop and grow in wisdom and understanding, but our identity can never change. We did not spring from spawn. Our spirits were from the beginning, have existed always, and will continue forever. We did not pass through the ordeals of embodiment in the lesser animals in order to reach the perfection to which we have attained in manhood and womanhood, in the image and likeness of God. God was and is our Father, and his children were begotten in the flesh in his own image and likeness, male and female. There may have been times when they did not possess the same intelligence that they possessed at other times. There are periods in the history of the world when men have dwindled into ignorance and barbarism, and then there were other times when they have grown in intelligence, developed in understanding, enlarged in spirit and comprehension, approaching nearer to the condition and likeness of their Father and God, and then losing faith, losing the love of God, losing the light of the Spirit and returning again to semi-barbarism. Then again, they have been restored, by the power and operation of the Spirit of the Lord upon their mind, until they again reached a degree of intelligence. We have reached a degree of intelligence in our dispensation. Will this same degree of intelligence, that now exists throughout the world, continue to exist? Yes, if the world continue to abide in the light that has been shed abroad in the world by the Father of light, with whom there is no variableness nor shadow of turning. But let them deny God, let them deny truth, let them depart from righteousness, let them begin again to wallow in wickedness and transgression of the laws of God, and what will be the result? They will degenerate; they will again recede possibly into absolute barbarism, unless they repent, and the power of God be again restored to them and they be again lifted up by that light which

shines and is never dim, except to men who shut their hearts and eyes and ears against it and will not receive it.

I did not expect to enter into any lengthy discourse. I thank God for my relationship and acquaintance with this noble, good mother. I expect to be associated with her throughout all the ages to come, if I can be as faithful as she has been. I desire to be, and that isn't all—with the help of God, *I intend* to be faithful, as she has been faithful, that in the end I may be worthy to dwell where she will dwell, with the Prophet Joseph Smith, with her husband with whom she was associated here in the flesh, with her son and her children, from generation to generation. I expect to be associated with them in the mansions that are prepared for the righteous, where God and Christ are, where those shall be who believe in his name, who receive his work and abide in his law. Oh! that I could be instrumental in the hands of the Lord in bringing every loved soul unto him, for there are souls that are still lacking, whom I love, and if it were possible, how I would love to be instrumental in the hand of the Lord in bringing those loved souls to a knowledge of this truth, that they might receive of its glory, benefits and blessings in this life and in the life to come. From my childhood, I have always tried to be a savior on Mount Zion, a savior among men. I have that desire in my heart. I may not have been very successful in my ambition to accomplish this work, but I have desired it, and I still desire that I may be instrumental in helping to spread this truth to the earth's remotest bounds and the testimony of it to the children of men in every land. I know it is true. It appeals to my judgment, to my desires; and to the aspirations of my soul. I want my family, I want those the Lord has given to me; I want them now; I want them forever! I want to be associated with them forever. I do not want them to change their identity. I do not want them to be somebody else. This idea of theosophy, that is gaining ground even among so-called Christians, in these latter days, is a fallacy of the deepest kind. It is absolutely repugnant to the very soul of man to think that a civilized, intelligent being might become a dog, a cow, a cat; that he might be transformed into another shape, another kind of being. It is absolutely repulsive, and so opposed to the great truth of God, that has been re-





RACHEL RIDGEWAY GRANT

Born, March 7, 1821; Died, January 27, 1909.

"I grieve that I cannot hear: but while I cannot hear the good things that are said, my peace is not marred by the evil that is spoken."—A sentiment expressed by Sister Grant, and treasured by Lydia D. Alder.

vealed from the beginning, that he is from the beginning always the same, that he cannot change, and that his children cannot change. They may change from worse to better; they may change from evil to good, from unrighteousness to righteousness, from humanity to immortality, from death to life everlasting. They may progress in the manner in which God has progressed; they may grow and advance, but their identity can never be changed, worlds without end—remember that. God has revealed these principles, and I know they are true. They assert their truth upon the intelligent mind and soul of man. They embrace or embody that which the Lord has planted in our hearts and souls to desire, and give it unto us. They put us in the way of receiving that which we most desire and most love, that which is most necessary and essential to our happiness and exaltation. They take of the things of God and give them to us, and they prepare us for the future, for exaltation and for eternal happiness, a reward which all the souls in the world desire, if they are correct in their lives and thoughts. It is only the vicious and the truly wicked who do not desire purity; they do not love purity and truth. I do not know whether it is possible for any soul to become so debased as to lose all regard for that which is pure and chaste, good and true and godlike. I believe that there still lingers in the heart of the most vicious and wicked, at times at least, a spark of that divinity that has been planted in the souls of all the sons of God. Men may become so corrupt that they do not have more than mere glimpses of that divine inspiration that strives to lead them toward and to love good; but I do not believe there is a soul in the world that has absolutely lost all conception and admiration of that which is good and pure, when he sees it. It is hard to believe that a human being may become so depraved that he has lost all desire that he might also be good and pure, if it were possible; but many people have abandoned themselves to evil and have come to the conclusion that there is no chance for them. While there is life there is hope, and while there is repentance there is a chance for forgiveness; and if there is forgiveness, there is a chance for growth and development until we acquire the full knowledge of those principles that will exalt and save us and prepare us to enter into the presence of God the Father, who is the

Father of our spirits, and who is the Father, in the flesh, of his only begotten Son, Jesus Christ, who joined divine immortality with the mortal, welded the link between God and man, and made it possible for mortal souls, on whom the sentence of death had been placed, to acquire eternal life, through obedience to his laws. Let us, therefore, seek for the truth and walk in the light as Christ is in the light, that we may have fellowship with him, and with each other, that his blood may cleanse us from all sin.

May the Lord comfort my Brother Heber, and I know he will. Brother Heber does not feel that there is any death here. I don't think I could weep for sorrow. I could give way to tears just now, but they would not be tears of sorrow, of mourning or of grief, for this good soul. They would only express the love I have for her; they would only indicate my feelings toward her, for the noble and pure example she set before me and all who have known her. I could weep for joy in the knowledge that I possess that she, in her spirit life and being, is and will be associated with all those who have been endeared to her by the persecutions, the experiences and the trials through which she has had to pass in this world. With them she is rejoicing today, as one born out of death into life everlasting. She is not dead; she lives! What greater proof do you want of that fact than to see her lifeless form? Where is she? This is her casket. This is her mortal tenement; this is but the clay that enveloped the immortal, living Aunt Rachel, the living spirit. The spirit has fled. Her spirit, the immortal part, has departed from this tabernacle; hence, this tabernacle lies here lifeless and ready to return to mother earth from whence it came, but to be restored again, every element to be recalled and re-formed in its perfect frame, when Aunt Rachel will come and take possession of it and inherit it forever, just as Christ came and took up his body that was not suffered to see corruption, and inherited it in its immortal state, never to be separated again; so it will be with her.

God bless you, my brethren and sisters. May he help us to be faithful to the light of truth and walk uprightly in it, is my prayer in the name of Jesus. Amen.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

## NAUVOO TODAY.

BY PROFESSOR JOHN ZIMMERMAN BROWN, OF THE UNIVERSITY OF  
UTAH.

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### II.

Among the Utah friends who had come up the river from Keokuk were B. W. Driggs of Pleasant Grove, and F. W. Cox of Manti. These men were once boys in Nauvoo being about ten



Mulholland Street, Looking East. Nauvoo, Ill.

years of age at the time of the expulsion. Although sixty years had elapsed since that time, they exhibited a remarkable familiarity with the scenes and events of their boyhood days.

The Cox family once lived in the Morley settlement near Lima, twenty-five miles south of Nauvoo, in Adams county. In the

fall of 1845, the inhabitants were burned out by a mob and compelled to move into Nauvoo for safety.

Our Illinois friends at the hotel listened with the keenest interest to Brother Cox as he related the circumstances connected with those events.

One night just after his father's crops had all been gathered and great stacks of grain were ready for threshing, the house was surrounded by a mob and the family ordered out. At that time Brother Cox was a boy of nine; he was ill with ague, and could not walk far. He therefore took a little mat to lie on, placed it on the opposite side of the road, and from this position he saw the invaders set fire to everything his father owned,

At this same hotel we found an elaborate collection of "Mormon" relics, including books, papers, maps, public documents, fragments of temple stone, and cannon balls. Most interesting among the papers was one of the original copies of the *Nauvoo Expositor*, a small eight-page anti-"Mormon" journal published June 7, 1844.

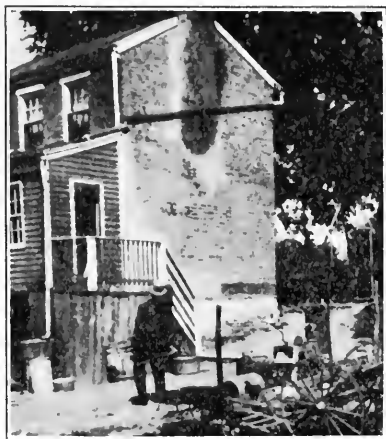


Mulholland St., Looking West,  
Nauvoo, Ill.

The proprietors were William Law, Wilson Law, Charles Ivins, Francis M. Higbee, Chauncy M. Higbee, Robert D. Foster and Charles A. Foster. Sylvester Emmons was editor. The paper was to be issued on Friday of each week. The complications resulting from the destruction of this press by the Nauvoo city council culminated in the martyrdom at Carthage just twenty days after the first and only issue of this paper. The copy we examined is kept in a large picture frame with double glass so arranged that it can be read on both sides.

The first point of interest we visited next morning was the building on Mulholland Street in which this paper was printed. It

is a brick structure fifteen by thirty feet with a lumber addition along one side. It has been used for a store but at the present time is unoccupied. Brother Driggs related here the circumstances surrounding the destruction of this press, and told how he and other little boys filled their pockets with pieces of type that were thrown into the street by the city officers.



Where David Candland Taught School,  
Nauvoo, Ill.

A little farther east, he located the site of Lathorp's store and then related the following thrilling incident:

As a little boy he had come to this store on an errand; and, on his way out he saw two men on horses riding into Nauvoo at break-neck speed. They dashed up to the store, purchased some alcohol and quickly forced it down the throats of their lather-covered animals, hoping, no doubt, to revive them.

These men were Porter Rockwell and Sheriff Jacob B. Backenstos of Hancock county, who had just made their escape from an excited mob.

According to the story, Porter Rockwell and John Redden were engaged that morning in moving families from the outlying burnt districts into Nauvoo. Suddenly the sheriff rushed toward them at frightful speed demanding, in the name of the state, protection from an infuriated mob that was pursuing him. As the mob approached he ordered the men to fire; Rockwell did so and the leader fell dead from his horse. The man who was killed was Franklin A. Worrell, a constable, who was officer of the guard at Carthage jail the year before when Joseph and Hyrum Smith were killed.

Brother Driggs also located the Hatch property and the former homes of Nymphus Murdock and Zebedee Coltrin, as well

as the house where, with the Hatch and Murdock boys, he and others had attended school, their teacher being David Candland.

For the purpose of visiting the old farms of Lewis Robison



Lewis Robison's Farm Daniel H. Wells' Farm Opposite, Nauvoo, Ill.

and Daniel H. Wells we next drove down into Parley Street, and followed it out into the well known Carthage road across Casper Hollow.

A few miles farther out on a hill in a grove of pines to the



"Mormon" Cemetery, Nauvoo, Ill.

west, we saw the old "Mormon" cemetery; but many of the graves are obliterated now, and the ground is overgrown with hickory, wild cherry, oak and under-brush. Many of the grave stones have fallen, and a few have been carried away. But some are well preserved and their inscriptions are as distinct as they were when they were first chiselled.

I copied a few of them:

JOHN STANDING

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ABRAHAM, SON OF W. AND S. MENDENHALL, DIED AUG. 27, 1844.

---

NANCY, CONSORT OF JOSEPH HOLBROOK, DIED JULY 16, 1842.

---

ANN, WIFE OF JOSEPH PICKETTS, DIED MARCH 25, 1844, AGE 60 YEARS.

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This cemetery covers about three acres of ground and is enclosed by a wire fence that was built a few years ago by the "Re-



Home of Uriel Driggs, now owned by William Clark, Nauvoo, Ill.

People from left to right, Mrs. W. Clark, her Daughter and Wm. Clark of Nauvoo;  
B. W. Driggs, Howard R. Driggs and F. W. Cox, from Utah.

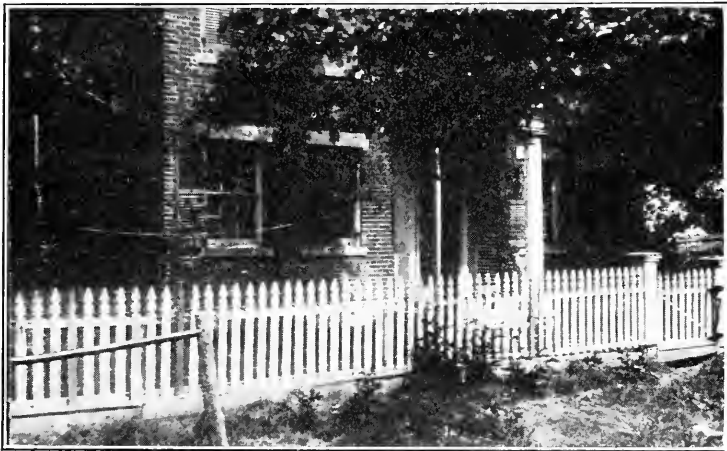


organized Church." It was abandoned after the Saints left Illinois, and is not used by the present inhabitants of Nauvoo.

On our return, as we drove from Parley into Warsaw Street, we visited the old home of Brother Driggs's grandfather. The



In Nauvoo—where Shadrach F. Driggs built Wagons for Crossing the Plains.



Nauvoo—Home of Wilson Law, Young Street.

house as the accompanying cut shows, is a small frame structure and has undergone but few changes. The hand-hewn timbers and cross beams are features of the two small up stairs rooms.

The property is now owned by a Mr. Wm. Clark who received us kindly and manifested deep interest in the affairs of the "Mormon" people. He said his father, Francis Clark, was converted to "Mormonism" in Lancashire, England, and came to Nauvoo in 1841. He was an expert stone cutter, and was a foreman on the Nauvoo Temple. Among those in his father's employment he named Miles Romney [father of Bishop Geo. Romney of the Twentieth ward]. Francis Clark did not come west with the Saints but remained in Illinois. William Clark has lived in Nauvoo since 1841, and for many years his home was on Parley Street.

The latter Clark property consists of a house and three acres of land, and lies in the Hibbard addition. It has been transferred as follows: Hibbard to Uriel Driggs; Uriel Driggs to McCofferty; McCofferty to William Clark. The last transfer took place in 1867, the price being \$150. The property fronts on Kimball Street, which, by the way, was never opened all the way through to the east. Just opposite on the east side of Warsaw Street, Mr. Clark drew our attention to a small brick house, telling us that it was at one time the home of John D. Lee.

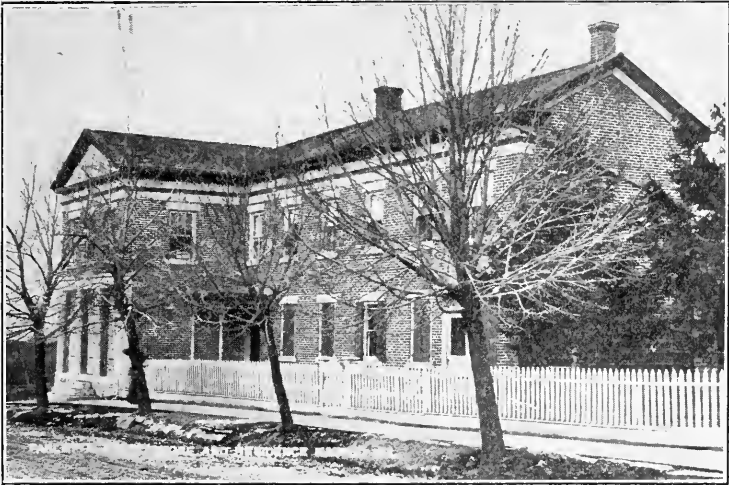
Farther north, at the corner of Warsaw and Ripley Streets, Brother Driggs also located the site of his former Nauvoo home. But the lot is now vacant, being used as a garden. On this spot his father, Shadrack F. Driggs, kept a wagon shop. Just across Warsaw Street to the west and a little farther south, Martin H. Peck kept a blacksmith shop. Many of the wagons used by the Saints in crossing the plains were built by Shadrack F. Driggs and ironed by Martin H. Peck. During the winter of 1846 there was such a demand for wagons that Father Driggs took in help. They used up all the seasoned timber he had on hand; and, when it came to making his own wagon, there was nothing but green timber left. He was not handicapped, however, for Reynolds Cahoon, one of the Temple building committee, told him he could have the wheels of the big cart that had been used in moving the large building stone around the Temple grounds.

From the spokes of these two big wheels, he made enough

spokes for two wagons, one for himself and one for his brother Lorenzo.

We continued northward across Mulholland Street, passing the site of the old Public Green, where Governor Thomas Ford paraded his troops at the time of the martyrdom. A little farther to the south-east is the site of the "Mormon" intrenchments, thrown up during the Nauvoo battle in 1846.

Proceeding west on Young Street, we passed the homes of



Parley P. Pratt's Home, Corner Young and Wells Streets, Nauvoo.

Wilson Law and Howard Coray. At the corner of Young and Wells Streets, we stopped a few minutes before the Parley P. Pratt property.

The Pratt home was torn down about a year ago and a modern structure has been built on the foundation. The place is owned by the Catholic church.

The "Mormon" arsenal on Wells Street, where the Nauvoo Legion kept their arms, is now part of the dormitory of the St. Mary's academy. It is a small structure built of temple stone.

Salt Lake City, Utah,

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## PRAYER AND PURPOSE.

BY W. I. GRAY.

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When a child, and under the care of a pious grandparent who like the prophet-prince Daniel devoted herself thrice each day to earnest, faithful prayer, I used often to tiptoe to her chamber door to listen, for I had learned to know that in every one of these prayers she would ask the Lord to watch over her little grandson and lead him in the right way.

When I was thirteen years of age, this good lady passed to her rest, and one year later, I went out upon the high seas to earn my bread as cabin-boy in a New England whaler.

Twelve years of sea-going brought me in contact with many people of various tongues and races. Twenty years more of roving about in many parts of the world have afforded me familiarity with many modes and customs of diverse humanity.

Many are the forms of religious persuasion brought to my observation; many the theories to which I have listened. Of some Christian sects and theologies I have made careful study; sometimes with earnest desire to know the truth; sometimes but seeking to clearly discern the half-evident fallacy of their claims. Is it to be wondered at if I had grown to the belief that, after all, religion is but an uncertain mixture of sentiment and theory; that no one persuasion could prove out higher than another: that an ethical life was man's best. The law of moral philosophy seemed the only guide to acceptable manhood, and one's opinion looked as good as another's.

When doubling the "Horn," passing over the briny graves of three of my kinsmen long since sunk to rest in those heaving fathoms, I wondered why I had ever come to such a remote and cheerless quarter.

Drifting into the harbor of Honolulu, with every nerve racked with the slow-torturing scurvy, I could not imagine what mad

caprice had led me to such a welcomeless shore. Once more upon the Pacific shore of my native land, I thought only of seeing my dear old "Bay State" again.

Over the Sierras and out on the desert—eagerly I pressed on until, on a beautiful Sabbath morning, as I lounged upon a pallet of hay in a little camp-shack, on the bank of the serpentine Humboldt, trying to devise some way of shortening that protracted day, I felt a hard, unyielding something beneath my body, and thrusting my hand under the matted hay, drew out a little old volume, on the binding of which I could barely decipher the words, "Voice of Warning."

"I 've had quite a lot of warnings in my time," I thought, "one more will not scare me."

Anything is good enough to read on the desert where literature is about as scarce as fresh violets. Of course, I read that little book—clear through—then I reflected.

Next morning I rose with a new idea of curiosity. I wanted to see the "Mormons." I soon covered the distance between the Humboldt and the Weber, and found a settlement of these peculiar people cuddled down in a canyon of the rugged Wasatch, and then for forty days I studied the old lessons, but all new now. Then for the first time in my varied life, I saw a pure and undefiled religion. There I learned of the true personality of my God; saw the returning light of the prophecies; heard the echo of the hopeful Psalmist. The veil of unbelief and disregard was torn away, and a clear, comprehensive view of things foretold and promised was opened up before me. The prayer of that trustful heart was answered; I had been led in "the right way."

What though death did close those watching eyes? They will open again to such a realizing joy as only the redeemed of God can know.

That little, old, worn volume? No, I did not keep it treasured up, I tucked it back under the hay where I found it, and I pray that some other wayfarer, yes, many others, may have found it to their soul's profit. May its author ever enjoy a rich reward at the hand of Him who never fails to answer unwavering prayer, is my petition.


Salt Lake City, Utah.

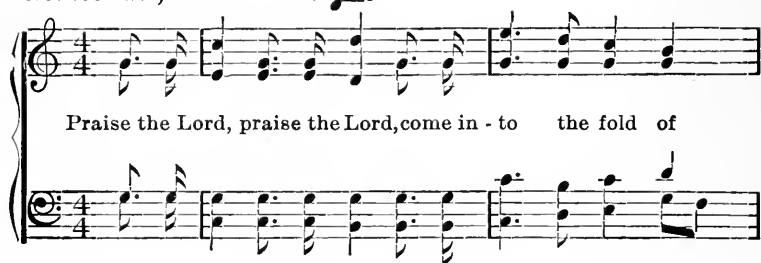
# COME INTO HIS FOLD.

## ANTHEM.

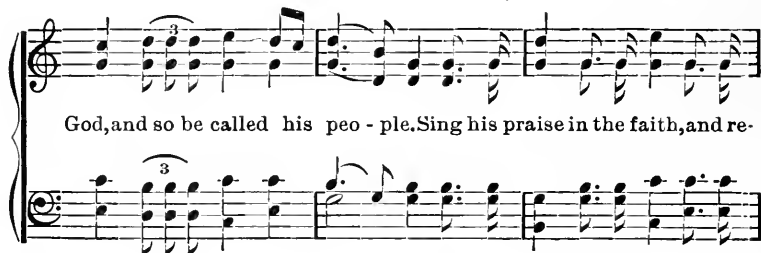
WORDS ARRANGED BY  
EDWARD H. ANDERSON.

MUSIC BY  
WILLIAM C. CLIVE.

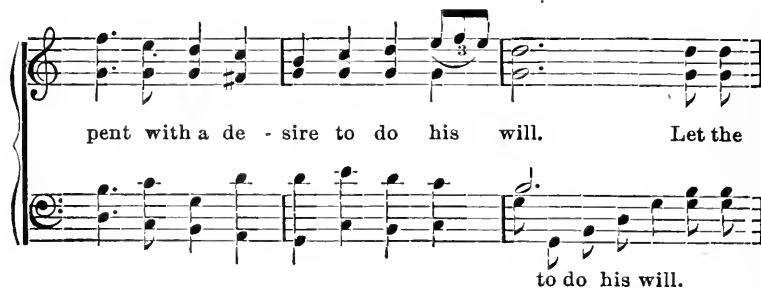
*Not too fast, Moderato M.* 



Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, come in - to the fold of



God, and so be called his peo - ple. Sing his praise in the faith, and re-



pent with a de - sire to do his will. Let the

to do his will.

Copyright, 1909, by W. C. Clive.



thought's be in the heart to help to bear one an - oth - er's

The first system of music features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.



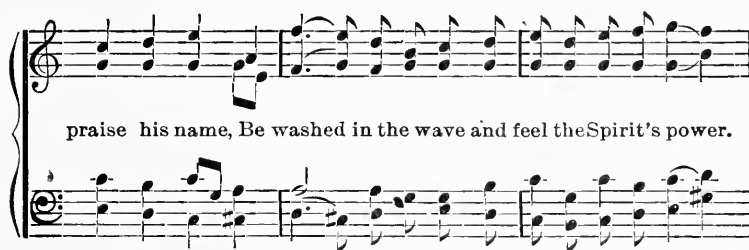
bur - dens that they may be light, and to comfort

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff shows a continuation of the melodic line with some rests. The bass staff continues with a steady accompaniment.



those who mourn. *f* Be - hold this is the way to

The third system includes a dynamic marking of *f* (forte) above the treble staff. The melody and accompaniment continue through this system.



praise his name, Be washed in the wave and feel the Spirit's power.

The fourth system concludes the piece. The treble staff features a final melodic flourish. The bass staff provides a concluding accompaniment.

Come, be numbered with the fold that ye may gain e-ter-nal life.

1st & 2nd Sop. Adagio.

They are blessed who comfort those who stand in need, and who are

*pp*

In ev - 'ry place and

witnesses for God, in ev - 'ry place and time, amen, even

*Alto or tenor.*



*Soprano and alto.*

un - til death.

un - til death, yea until death, They are His redeemed and

His re-

*Tenor and bass.*they shall have e - ter - nal life,  
deemed

rit. -ter - nal life.

1st

2nd

rit.

Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, come in - to the fold of

God, and so be called his peo - ple. Sing his praise in the faith, and re-

pent with a de - sire to do his will. Let the

to do his will.

thoughts be in the heart to help to bear one an - oth - er's

bur - dens that they may be light, and to comfort

The first system of music features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

those who mourn. *f* Be - hold this is the way to

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. A dynamic marking of *f* (forte) is placed above the treble staff. The lyrics are split across the two staves.

praise his name, Be washed in the wave and feel the Spirit's power.

The third system shows the continuation of the musical piece. The treble staff features a more active melody with some grace notes. The bass staff continues with a steady accompaniment.

Come, be numbered with the fold that ye may gain e-ter-nal life.

The fourth system concludes the piece. The melody in the treble staff ends with a final cadence. The bass staff provides a concluding accompaniment.

A - men, a - men, praise the Lord, a - men, a -

men, a - men, praise the Lord, a - men. Sing praises to the

*rit.*  
Lord, Sing praises to his name, a - men, a - men.

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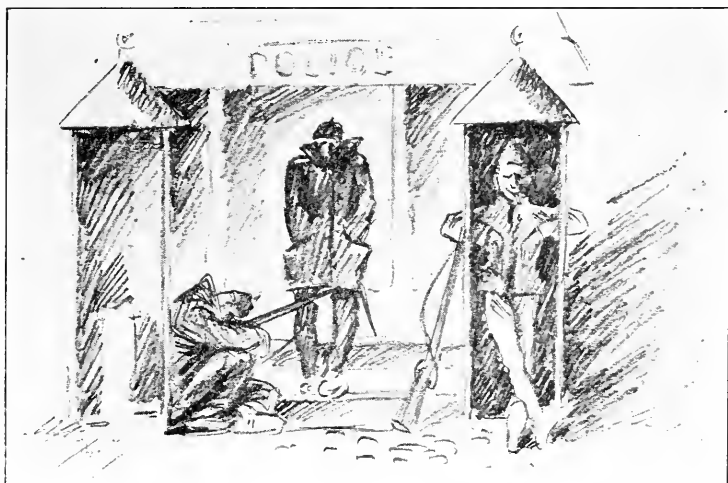
ADVICE.

Go fight the world, my lad, yet know  
 You should remember this:  
 It will return you blow for blow  
 And kiss for kiss.—*Success.*

## TYPICAL TURKISH SCENES.

BY JOSEPH O. PHELPS, OF THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS MISSION  
IN TURKEY.

If the people of Europe and America could see the things that have grown commonplace to us, they would consider it quite



From a drawing by Joseph O. Phelps.

Soldiers "Guarding" a Police Station.

a unique experience, but inasmuch as they cannot all come here and see them, they can at least read and hear about the curiosities of this world, though perhaps in a more or less conglomerated way. It will not be long before the antiquities of this country will be no more, as the signs of civilization are in evidence every-

where. The old Arab with his caravan of camels transporting goods across the country is being replaced by the more modern modes of transportation, as are many of the once noted curiosities of the Orient.



Drawn by Joseph O. Phelps.

"His Pension"—a sketch from life.

And since the establishment of the new regime in the governmental affairs, great strides are being made, and things and conditions are being rapidly changed. But while they yet remain let us take a look into a typical Turkish town and see if there is anything to interest the stranger.

Those "Weary Willies" over there are supposed to be regarded in the light of soldiers, they are guarding (?)



Drawn by Joseph O. Phelps.

Coppersmiths.

a police station. Inside the station are some old blankets, two or three copper buckets, and a bundle of old clothes. If the soldiers were not there, the old clothes would perhaps walk off. In this country soldiery is compulsory for all able bodied Mohammedan men and boys, they serve different lengths of time, and if they don't get killed in battle or die of some plague or disease while on duty (as is often the case), they come home after serving their country, and, not finding any work, many go to begging for a living. One may find hundreds of beggars in a small city, many of them wearing their old soldier coats, signs of their former occupation. While serving in times of peace they get about \$1.25 per month and board, and the board is pretty knotty too, consisting mainly of rice-soup and bread.

A thing that greatly impresses the stranger here is the markets or bazars, and the old adage, "Birds of a feather flock together," is brought to memory in seeing the different tradesmen crowd to themselves. The gold and silver smiths are all to be found in one mahalle, or district, as are coppersmiths, shoemakers, tailors, woodturners, basketmakers, blacksmiths, and in fact nearly any and all trades that are practiced in this country. The workmen go at their work somewhat crudely, in the eyes of one accustomed to seeing modern methods employed in manufacture. For instance, the woodturner turns his work with a sort of bow, the string of which is wrapped around the wood, and by a foreward and back-



Drawn by Joseph O. Phelps.

Street in a City, Turkey.

ward motion, he holds his chisel with one hand and feet and cuts away. But they become experts at this work, and do it with as much ease as a turner would with a modern lathe.

Aintab, Turkey.

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### CHOOSE THOU FOR ME.

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*(For the Improvement Era.)*

Teach me the way of life, dear Lord,  
And make me strong for what will be;  
That I may live by every word,  
Choose thou for me.

Though dark the lonely way and drear,  
My groping path I dimly see;  
That I may walk in thy great fear,  
Choose thou for me.

And when my recreant heart would lead  
My willing feet away from thee,  
And e'en though sorrow be my need,  
Choose thou for me.

Help me, great Sire, to be thy son,  
And do thy will whate'er it be,  
That thou at last may say "well done,"  
Choose thou for me.

BRIGHAM S. YOUNG.

Raymond, Canada.



## THE "THREE NEPHITES."

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### DID ONE OF COLUMBUS' SAILORS SEE THEM?

BY E. D. PARTRIDGE, OF THE BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY.

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Members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints are always on the lookout for evidences of the Divine origin of the Book of Mormon. This interest led me to mark many passages in Irving's *Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus*, some of which seem to be worthy of more than a mere passing notice.

Columbus, though steeped in the superstitions of his day, was a very humble man. Often, while sailing abroad, he would spend a whole night in prayer and supplication. He felt that he was doing God's will in making these voyages of discovery; and no doubt, it was this feeling which caused him to say to his officers and men, when implored to return, and even threatened with death, "Sail on—sail on!" Irving says—\*(Page 17) "He attributed his early and irresistible inclination for the sea, and his passion for geographical studies, to an *impulse from Deity*, preparing him for the high decrees he was *chosen to accomplish*." And when he came before the king of Spain asking for royal and financial support, "he unfolded his plan with eloquence and zeal; for he felt himself, as he afterwards declared, kindled as with a fire *from on high*, and considered himself the *chosen agent by heaven* to accomplish its grand designs" (page 64). This is very significant when compared with the following: "And I looked and beheld a man among the Gentiles who was separated from the seed of

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\* All quotations from Irving in this article will be from the works of Washington Irving, vol. 6. *The Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus*, published in New York by Peter Fenelon Collier, 1897.

my brethren by the many waters; and I beheld the *Spirit of God* that it *came down and wrought upon the man*, and he went forth upon the many waters, even unto the seed of my brethren who were in the promised land" (I Nephi 13: 12).

By far the most interesting paragraph in the whole volume is found beginning on page 329, which I will give after quoting a few passages from the Book of Mormon. I have always been deeply interested in the account of the "Three Nephites," and have often wondered if there were not on record somewhere an account of their having been seen by someone outside of the Church. I am almost convinced that Irving has made just such a record.

Turning now to III Nephi, 28th chapter, we read:

And it came to pass when Jesus had said these words, he spake unto his disciples, one by one, saying unto them, What is it that ye desire of me, after that I am gone to the Father?

And they all spake, save it were three, We desire that after we have lived unto the age of man, that our ministry, wherein thou hast called us, may have an end, that we may speedily come unto thee in thy kingdom.

And he said unto them, Blessed are ye because ye desired this thing of me: therefore after ye are seventy and two years old, ye shall come unto me in my kingdom, and with me ye shall find rest.

And when he had spoken unto them, he turned himself unto the three, and said unto them, What will ye that I should do unto you, when I am gone unto the Father?

And they sorrowed in their hearts, for they durst not speak unto him the thing which they desired.

And he said unto them, Behold, I know your thoughts, and ye have desired the thing which John, my beloved, who was with me in my ministry before that I was lifted up by the Jews, desired of me.

Therefore more blessed are ye, for ye shall never taste of death, but ye shall live to behold all the doings of the Father unto the children of men, even until all things shall be fulfilled according to the will of the Father, when I shall come again in my glory with the powers of heaven.

\* \* \* For ye have desired that ye might bring souls unto me while the world shall stand.

\* \* \* \* \*

Behold I was about to write the names of those who were never to taste of death; but the Lord forbade; therefore I write them not, for they are hidden from the world.

But behold I have seen them, and they have ministered unto me.

And behold they will be among the Gentiles, and the Gentiles knoweth them not.

The "Three Disciples" are mentioned in several other places by Mormon, and Moroni says, (Mormon 8: 10, 11) that he saw them, and they ministered unto him. Here we have evidence that they lived and labored among the people several hundred years after the great promise was made to them; and we believe they are still living and performing the mission given them by Jesus Christ.

I will now give the above mentioned paragraph from Irving. It is in the account of Columbus' second voyage of discovery to America. He was cruising along the coast of Cuba, when one day he anchored near a beautiful palm grove:

Here a party was sent on shore for wood and water; and they found two living springs in the midst of the grove. While they were employed in cutting wood and filling their water casks, an archer strayed into the forest with his cross-bow in search of game, but soon returned, flying with great terror, and calling loudly upon his companions for aid. He declared that he had not proceeded far, when he suddenly espied through an opening glade, a man in a long white dress so like a friar of the order of St. Mary of mercy, that at first sight he took him for the chaplain of the admiral. Two others followed in white tunics reaching to their knees, *and the three were of as fair complexions as Europeans*. Behind these appeared many more, to the number of thirty, armed with clubs and lances. They made no signs of hostility, but remained quiet, the man in the long white dress alone advancing to accost him. But he was so alarmed by their number that he had fled instantly to seek the aid of his companions. The latter, however, were so daunted by the reported number of armed natives, that they had not courage to seek them nor await their coming, but hurried with all speed to the ships.

It is stated that Columbus sent two different expeditions in search of the three white men and their followers, but both returned unsuccessful. Irving apologizes for the appearance of this item in his record, and states that, since no tribe of Indians was ever discovered in Cuba who wore clothing, the matter probably arose in either error or falsehood.

No apology is needed, however, by the Latter-day Saints. The account given by the archer portrays conditions just as they would naturally be with the "Three Disciples." They lived among the people when the vision recorded in 1st Nephi was taught. They were, of course, looking forward to its fulfilment. They were to bring souls to Christ till he should come again, and had probably been busy gathering bands of followers all over the coun-

try. They, of course, taught their followers to wear clothing and to live as much of the gospel as they could. They naturally would have to arm themselves against their savage neighbors.

Columbus and his sailors were looked upon by the natives as visitors from heaven, and their appearance among them was heralded all over the country. Their movements were watched closely from the shores, since whenever they landed they found themselves not unexpected. It does not take much imagination to see the "disciples" and one of their bands following the movements of the ships from the trees or mountains, awaiting a favorable opportunity to make themselves known. In fact, there is nothing in the report of the archer which is in the least at variance with what might be expected from our knowledge of the Book of Mormon. As I said before, I am almost convinced that this is the record I have been looking for.

Provo, Utah.

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## CHARACTER

BY I. W. FLETCHER.

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Character is not built up in a moment, but constant effort is necessary. Act upon act make it. It is the continued dropping of the water that wears away the stone. So it is the constant acquiring of Divine truth, and the continued application thereof, that form character.

We must ever look to a Divine source for the necessary material to perfect such a character.

The true basis of the attainment is the principle of ever becoming.

By exercising the divinity within us we never grow old;

Olympian bards who sung divine ideas below,  
Forever find them young, and always kept them so.

As one breathes pure air to avoid dullness and lethargy, so the Saints should breathe the spirit of the gospel of our blessed Redeemer, to keep from becoming dull and indifferent. It is the sure way to build character.

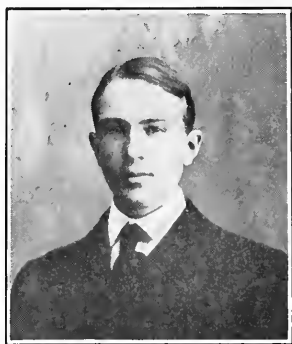
Salt Lake City, Utah.

## NATIVE RACES OF SOUTH AFRICA.

BY ELDER ORSON M. ROGERS, OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN MISSION.

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There are undoubtedly many readers of the ERA who would like to know more about the different races of people who inhabit this world of ours than at present is their ken, and as I am laboring as a missionary among people of different types and customs from those we see in America, I shall endeavor to write something of Africa's native races. But I want to make clear to my readers that there is much of interest regarding the aborigines of this continent that can not be learned, because of the fact that they have no historians, no literature, and no desire to perpetuate their traditions to their posterity.



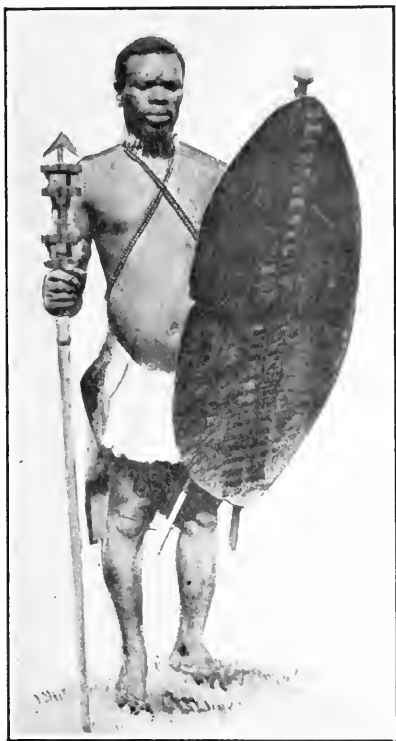
Orson M. Rogers.

In thinking of these dark skinned inhabitants that I see all around me, the thought naturally comes up, "where did they come from?" At home we can say to our Indian,

O, stop and tell me, Red Man,  
Who are you, why you roam,  
And how you get your living;  
Have you no God, no home?"

and, thanks to the revelations in the Book of Mormon, he can give us a complete answer. But I know of no such book that can tell us much about our colored brethren on this hemisphere. We have to consider theories of men, or form one for ourselves. And

a most difficult task it is. There are no ancient hieroglyphics to go to, and there are no ruins of buildings to unearthen. So recourse to ethnologists must be had. But those educated people who have



A Kaffir.

measured the skulls and bones to compare with other races, help us very little. The different races within Africa vary so much from each other that our erudite professors are puzzled to solve the mystery. The early Dutch settlers who might have been able to interpret a few traditions before the influence of the white people had changed some of their conditions, didn't try. They found the natives here; couldn't drive them away altogether, so they smoked their pipes, content to know that they could make slaves of a few. Bothering about who the inhabitants were, or where they came from, didn't enter their heads.

But of the theories of scholars, some are worthy of consideration. One of the

most widely accepted hypotheses is, I believe, that the climate, environment and custom made them what they are. It is believed that thousands of years of tropical suns beating down on our naked bodies would be sufficient to produce a change in the color of the skin that would eventually be inherited from generation to generation. Instances of the East Indians are cited as proof, and the Arabs are also referred to. Although there are many great minds who hold this theory, there are many who cling to others, and try to disprove that one. In doing so, they say that if three thousand

years would not be sufficient to effect the change, then thirty thousand wouldn't. The Mongolians are pointed to, and the question is asked, "why aren't the Chinese who live in parts equally as hot as Arrica, black?" And many other different questions are propounded. But asking a question doesn't disprove a theory, so they advance one which they think is better.

One of them is that all mankind were originally black, and lost their color through disease. In proof of that they say the fairer a race, the more sickly, and vice versa. We may smile when we think of Adam as being black, but there are men noted for their learning who believe that theory. And, of course, they argue that as there are about as many, if not more, colored people, than white, it is reasonable.

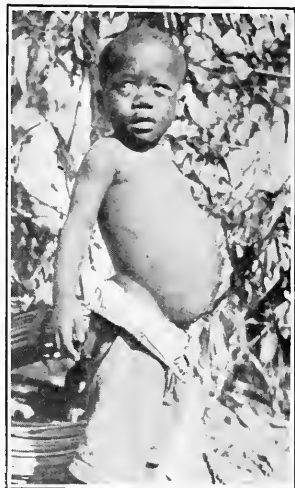


Photo by Alma T. Jones.

Kaffir lad who had drunk a quart of sour milk.

Another theory which has been advanced by a few, and not upheld by many, is that the dark skin is the result of a curse from Almighty God. One man, who, I believe, first brought forward that idea in Africa, is a Rev. Mr. Holden, who published a book, "Past, Present and Future of the Natives." And he maintains that it took no more divine power to alter the color of the skin than to confuse the language at the time when, "the Lord scattered them abroad from thence upon the face of all the earth," and he supposes that the negro races date from that time. There is much good sense in what he says, but I believe that all of the negro races are children of Ham.

Leaving, then, the theory as to color, let us consider as to how they got here. Some believe, as does Mr. Holden, that they came here at the time of the scattering at the tower of Babel. But most of the writers believe that they made this country their habitat prior to that time. They must have migrated over the Isthmus of Suez, and traveled southward long before Egypt was

settled, for it is unlikely that they could have passed through great Egypt and not absorbed some idea of building, or other learning. There is not a single stone building in all of South Africa built by the early natives, nor is there a scroll of writing. So the history of these people under consideration must be very ancient indeed. It is supposed by some ethnologists that the great migration moved from what is now Egypt to the Atlantic Ocean, thence down that shore to Central Africa where they must have gone inland, and were then forced south for various reasons, climatic, and in pursuit of game, etc. From what I have read on the subject, I believe that to be the most plausible route. There are, however, writers of no mean importance who think that the vicinity of the Cape of Good Hope was first inhabited and then the course was northward.

Having briefly considered a few theories, let us take up the subject of the different races.

When I first came here I thought every one was a negro who had a dark skin and kinky hair, or "wool," but I found that there



Photo by Alma T. Jones

Kaffir Boys at Capstown.



are different classifications made by Colonials. The true negro, or the highest type of the colored race, is seldom found south of the 20th parallel of south latitude. They are fine looking specimens of humanity, with large sinewy bodies, well shaped and agile. In height their average would exceed that of Americans, and they

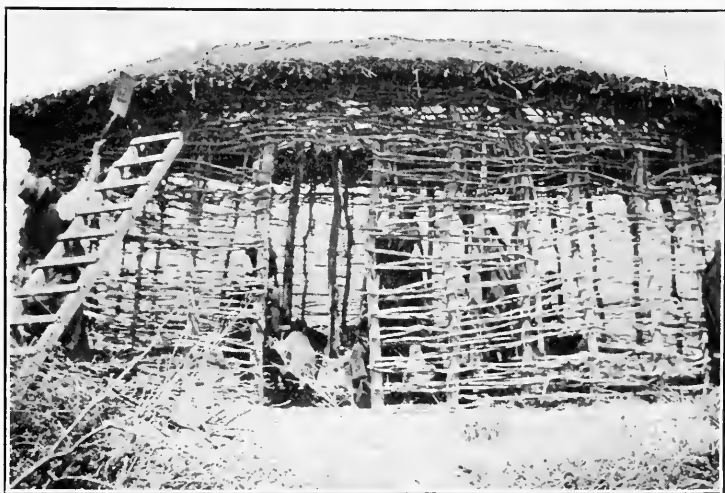


Photo by Alma T. Jones

Kaffir Hut in Course of Construction.

are as straight as our Indians at home. The color is a dark chocolate shade, the lips are thick and the nose rather flat. It was chiefly from the pure negro stock that the Dutch first took slaves to America, so the "coons" of the United States are of the high type of the negro race. Their home was probably near Zanzibar, on the east coast of Africa, but they may have been taken from points a little north or south of there. The negroes cover a large extent of territory in Central Africa, and have always been a warlike race, and are even now kings of their kind. Their language is more difficult to learn than some of the jargons of the other native races. As the pure negro is so seldom seen in Cape Colony I know very little of them from actual observation.

The Bushmen, unlike the negroes, are small of stature, even dwarfish, five feet two being a tall one. Their hair is hard twists

clinging tightly to the skull, and the faces are wrinkled. No beard grows on the chin, which is sunken, and cheek bones are very high, but the cheeks themselves hollow. The eyes are small and vicious looking, and the nose is almost a negative quantity. In color, brown, a little darker than a Chinaman, and lighter than an Indian. It is said that they have never been known to have been tamed, having always fought their enemies to the death. They have always lived nomadic lives in the superlative, never building even a hut larger than a dog kennel, and shifting about almost constantly. They were about the first with whom the early settlers of this country came in contact, but no use whatsoever could be made of them as servants. The bushmen are perhaps the lowest type of the human family, and in many respects, are much like intelligent beasts, but still there is too large a gap between them and the highest type of monkey or ape to form a connecting link. Their life to them has always been a feast or a famine. When a large animal was killed the whole family would move camp to where the carcass lay, and they would remain there until nothing

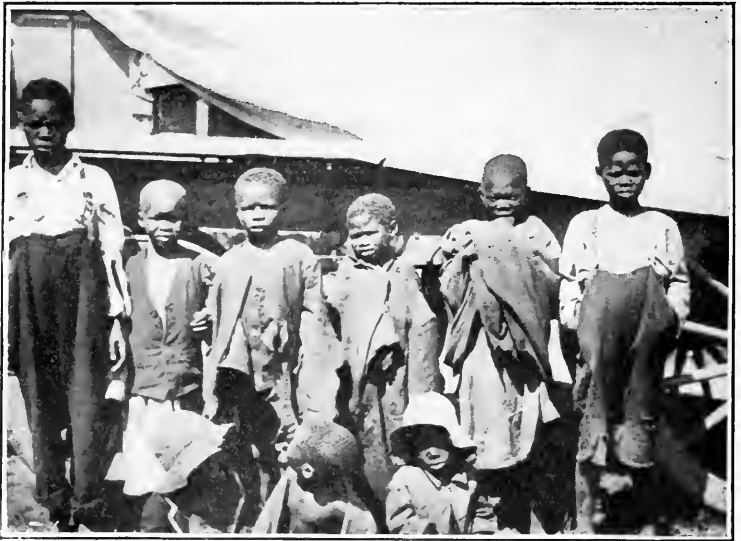


Photo by Alma T. Jones

Kaffir Boys.

but bones and stench remained. But their olfactory nerves were so imperfect that even the worst odors arising from a dead beast wouldn't affect their appetites.

Their only weapon was a crude bow and arrow, which was always poisoned, and their only domestic animal was a dog. Caves were usually their only home, and a few old skins or some tufts of grass, their only bed. Always sleeping, curled up like a little child in winter, an ostrich nest would have made them a comfortable resting place. I have been in some of their caves, and the floors were not even levelled off. They knew of only one way of making a fire, and that was by rubbing sticks together. But when once a fire was made it was the woman's duty to keep embers always alight.

It is not known how the Bushmen came to be, but it is generally supposed that they were at one time closely related with the aborigines of Australia, but no connecting link is shown aside from similarity in looks. They had no sense of modesty, and roamed about absolutely naked, save on certain occasions they wore a belt, which, in times of hunger, they tightened. In remote times the Bushmen were cannibals.

Now the Hottentots, who are more widely known than the Bushmen, are a filthy people at the present time. They resemble a Chinaman so much in features that it is thought by some writers that they are a cross between Mongolians and either Bushmen or Kaffirs. Their eyes are wide apart, and some even slant. The cheek bones are high, the nose flat and the lips very protruding and unforbidding. The color of the Hottentots is very light, and there is a slight tinge of pink in some of them. The concensus of opinion as to their origin is that they are of a mixed blood, but it isn't settled (and probably never will be) how, when, or where it all happened.

I said they were a filthy people. That I know from personal observation to be true. They gladly live on the refuse of rubbish heaps, and I have often seen them sorting out the garbage barrels. But as low as they are, they have always been ahead of the Bushmen, and even now are better educated than the other natives of the colony. So far as is known they always had cows, sheep and dogs, and built huts of sticks and mud, and raised corn and a few

other things. They wore slightly more clothing than the Bushmen, having a girdle around their persons; and married women carried a shawl. Being good at imitation they were easily taught to be good servants by the early Dutch settlers, and were a great help to them. In warfare they were savage, and knew no quarter. At present they have no language of their own. They learned Dutch because they had to when they were under Dutch control, so now they have the distinction, so far as I know, of being the only distinct race of people without a vestige of their mother tongue remaining.

The predominant native race of South Africa is that called the Kaffirs. As there are nearly as many nations of them as there are of Indians in America, I shall treat them as a whole, only mentioning that some of the well known names of tribes are, Zulus, Griquas, Fingoes, Bantu and Basutos. In color the Kaffirs are like a cup of cocoa, as a rule, but some get very dark. They are not so very far removed from the negro, and are called by many, negroids. I believe that if true negroes are the sons of Ham, then the Kaffirs are, too. They have all the distinctive features, color, "wool," flat noses and thick lips.

They are by nature more of a pastoral people than the other natives, having cattle, sheep, fowls and dogs. They have always built huts of sticks, mud and willows, and live in communities called a kraal, and seldom move about. I have said that they are the most numerous of the colored people, which one traveling about this country could see at a glance. They are found from the Cape of Good Hope to Rhodesia, but their centre is probably near Queenstown in the eastern province of Cape Colony.

I shall not tell of the wars and troubles the settlers had with the natives, nor could I do so, if I wanted to write anything else. Suffice it to say, there have always been wars, off and on, with them. Just the other day the king of the Zulus, Dinizulu, was sentenced to five years imprisonment for complicity in treason against the British.

Some of the peculiar customs of the aborigines would be interesting, so I shall relate a few, and unless I otherwise state, they are of the Kaffirs.

First then, as to dress. It doesn't take long to describe that,

for they think that clothing is unnecessary in a hot climate, and what is more, they have the courage of their convictions. A pattern for a bridal gown could be cut from a single page of this book, and then there would be enough left for bracelets and head-gear. The girls and boys up to the age of about seven wear what they inherited at birth, and after that age a few beads suffice. A married woman, however, always carries a blanket. It doesn't make much particular difference whether she uses it, but she has one just the same; then they have a short skirt from the waist to the knees. Beads adorn their necks, arms and ankles, and they

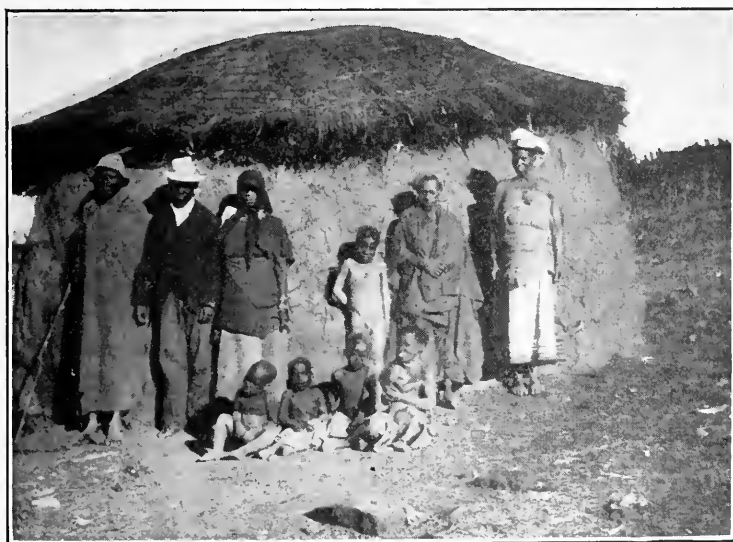


Photo by F. A. Sheffield

Kaffir Hut, King William's Town.

are scarred over the breasts for beauty. They have absolutely no false modesty, and it wouldn't matter much if I should strike out the word *false*. I have seen men, all bedecked in beads, carrying a stick (which a Kaffir always has,) and a blanket or skin, called a "kaross." But sometimes clay is smeared all over the body. Then the blanket and beads are dispensed with. So much for the dress.

The wives of the natives are bought at so many cattle for each, say two cows or four sheep, up to six cows or twelve sheep.

The girls have absolutely nothing to do with the courtship. If they are sold by the father, they must go. But if they can escape from their husbands the first night, they are forfeited, unless other cows are given the father for them.

There are several different marriage ceremonies, but the most common one is like this: the girl (aged about sixteen) is bargained for, the wedding to take place at a certain time. Ten days before that time she has to remain in a hut with old women, and it is a shame for anyone to try to see her or for her to dare to come out. When the appointed day arrives, all the guests are at hand to make merry. They drink honey beer, smoke and feast. Then the girl is placed within a circle formed by the guests. After they have all danced, and sung, and made remarks for a long time, the husband-to-be, steps up and places an apron on her. From that time she is his wife, or more properly speaking, his property, and it is a shame for anyone else to touch her for a long time.

The morals of the natives are terrible, according to Christian standards, in fact they have very little sense of wrong.

They have some religious beliefs that make some people think they are of Israel, as they practice circumcision, although they don't know why. They believe that their spirits live after them, and they have a partial belief in a resurrection, but their god is their ancestors' spirits, one of whom is the sun, another the moon; the rest are the stars. They believe in mermaids in the sea, and if a person drowns they believe it will bring a curse upon the one who rescues the body, as that would deprive the mermaid of her food.

The Bushmen would never drink any water unless they had first thrown something into it, such as meat, or a stick or arrow.

At the present day thousands of natives are converted to the different sects of Christianity, through the efforts of missionaries. There are Catholics, Wesleyans, and Episcopalians, among others. Schools and mission stations are established, and trades are taught them. In religion they are very devout, but will steal and tell lies. Their conversion to Christianity may be a good thing in the end, but according to the Colonials it is spoiling them. They are very arrogant and smart. If one tries to correct them, the reply comes, "I have the same heaven as you," and such things. The

Boers handle the natives better than the English, because they are strict with them, and as it is the nature of a native to serve, he likes a Boer.

Some natives are comparatively well educated, and all of the converted ones would spend their last penny on fancy dress. They like bright colors, and to use an old expression, "they dress to kill." Education does seem to ruin them in many ways, for they only learn (or only practice) the bad. They are quite apt at following the white people's bad ways. When a native has spent a few years at school, living in the misery of civilization, he returns to his kraal, strips off his clothing, goes back to his former manners, catches cold and brings consumption into the camp. That disease kills hundreds, but the natives are naturally so prolific that they are ever increasing, and it is feared that there will yet be a great race war for supremacy in South Africa. Cape Colony has already granted the franchise, and other colonies may, but residents are predicting trouble.

In conclusion, I shall say that I have been so brief that I have just started on my subject, and have treated it more in headlines than anything else. Our missionaries do very little work among the colored people, as we consider that our message is more important to the whites at present. Although we do little or no work among them, we see so many that it will seem good some day to again be in a country where they are seen only on Pullman cars or in restaurants.

Port Elizabeth, C. C., Africa.

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### QUEER TRUTHS.

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"The man we respect today we laughed at yesterday."

"Many a woman who has married for a living has starved for love."

"Our beautiful cities would still be in the forests and mines but for dream  
ers."

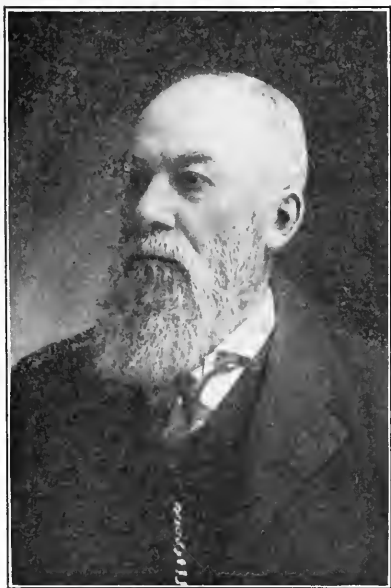
"Nothing misfortunate matters much, if so be you can smile about it."—  
*Success.*

## THE MASSACRE AT FORT LARAMIE.

BY LYDIA D. ALDER.

The emigrant train which left the frontier, in the spring of 1854, under command of Capt. Fields, was accompanied by a

government train which was bringing presents from the government to the Indians who were to assemble at Fort Laramie.



Samuel R. Parkinson, Preston, Idaho.

Sometimes the government train was ahead of the emigrant train, then nearly beside it, or following after, but never very far away. Just before they reached Laramie, an Indian stole a cow belonging to an emigrant and killed it.

The owner of the cow, proceeded ahead and made complaint to the officers at the fort. A company of twenty-eight soldiers were detailed to lay the matter before the Indian chief. The commanding officer of this

company, it is told, inflamed his brain by freely imbibing fire-water before his departure. When he met the chief, he demanded in an insolent tone, that the offender should be delivered up to him, "If you do not," said he, "I will blow the top of your head off!"



The chief laughed at him, and said, "What will become of you, if you blow the top of my head off? See all these Indians here!" pointing to the hundreds who had come in from all their hunting grounds, to receive their presents.

The surrounding hills were black with their ponies, and their wickiups seemed without number. All this made no impression on the officer who immediately ordered the soldiers to fire, which they did, killing the chief instantly.

The enraged Indians falling on the soldiers killed and scalped every one of them; then proceeded to the fort, killing as they went, and helped themselves to the presents, and everything else they wanted.

"Our company," says S. R. Parkinson, of Preston, Idaho, "were ten miles this side of Laramie when this occurred, but runners flying for their lives overtook us telling of the dreadful massacre.

"Instead of camping that night, Capt. Fields ordered the train on, traveling all night and notifying every one we met of the massacre at the fort. Prior to this time our train for various reasons had been divided, eighteen wagons, among them George Dunford and his family, going before, under command of Capt. Isaac Groo. As I had the only mule team of the train, Capt. Fields asked me to go ahead and bear the news to them. At Deep Creek I overtook the other train, and we took another forced march. We were accompanied by the terrified mountaineers and others whom I had warned en route. At every trading point they gathered up their ponies, wagons and belongings and joined us, for the greatest fear rested on all when they heard of the uprising of the Indians."

By an overruling Providence, these emigrants were unmolested, but it took a long time to overcome the scare. Others following these trains were not so fortunate. The late Henry W. Naisbitt told the writer that when he reached Laramie, he beheld the sickening sight of forty dead faces upraised to the blazing sun, murdered and scalped, but still unburied beside the wreckage of a train that had been looted by the Indians. This train, however, did not belong to our people; it seems that we were always ahead or a little behind all such dreadful occurrences on the plains. Almost the last time the writer conversed with Brother Naisbitt he

vividly related this massacre at Laramie. "Write it," I urged him, "that others may know what some of us escaped." He then



George Dunford.

was ill and sat in darkness, so that the circumstance was not written that I know of.

Continuing his narrative, Brother Parkinson says, "By the time we reached the Sweetwater country, our cattle began to give out, we could not travel as before. Capt. Fields, alive to the emergency, and fearing a belated entrance into the Valley, bought up a lot of cattle there, which was a great help to the emigrants, expecting to make good his outlay when they reached the Valley. This wise and humane act, however, proved a sad pecuniary loss to him, though

such a great blessing to his company, for he failed to make good his outlay. Later, stripped of his earthly possessions, he left the chosen people for California, where he soon died. While those who remained under his care with their descendants have helped to build up and make beautiful the Zion of our God."

Salt Lake City, Utah.

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### HE DREAMED DREAMS.

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"I dreamed that I slept in an editor's bed,

When the editor was not nigh,

And I thought as I lay in that downy couch,

How easy editors lie!"—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

## SELF-CONTROL.\*

BY WILLIAM GEORGE JORDAN.

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### VIII.—THE DIGNITY OF SELF-RELIANCE.

Self-confidence, without self-reliance, is as useless as a cooking recipe—without food. Self-confidence sees the possibilities of the individual; self-reliance realizes them. Self-confidence sees the angel in the unhewn block of marble; self-reliance carves it out for himself.

The man who is self-reliant says ever: "No one can realize my possibilities for me, but me; no one can make me good or evil but myself." He works out his own salvation,—financially, socially, mentally, physically and morally. Life is an individual problem that man must solve for himself. Nature accepts no vicarious sacrifice, no vicarious service. Nature never recognizes a proxy vote. She has nothing to do with middlemen,—she deals only with the individual. Nature is constantly seeking to show man that he is his own best friend, or his own worst enemy. Nature gives man the option on which he will be to himself.

All the athletic exercises in the world are of no value to the individual unless he compel those bars and dumb-bells to yield to him, in strength and muscle, the power for which he, himself, pays in time and effort. He can never develop his muscles by sending his valet to a gymnasium.

The medicine chests of the world are powerless, in all the united efforts, to help the individual until he reach out and take for himself what is needed for his individual weakness.

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\* From *Self-Control; its Kingship and Majesty*. Copyright 1889 and 1905 by Fleming H. Revell Company.

All the religions of the world are but speculations in morals, mere theories of salvation, until the individual realize that he must save himself by relying on the law of truth, as he sees it, and living his life in harmony with it, as fully as he can. But religion is not a Pullman car, with soft-cushioned seats, where he has but to pay for his ticket,—and some one else does all the rest. In religion, as in all other great things, he is ever thrown back on his self-reliance. He should accept all helps, but,—he must live his own life. He should not feel that he is a mere passenger; he is the engineer, and the train is his life. We must rely on ourselves, live our own lives, or we merely drift through existence—losing all that is best, all that is greatest, all that is divine.

All that others can do for us is to give us opportunity. We must ever be prepared for the opportunity when it comes, and to go after it and find it when it does not come, or that opportunity is to us,—nothing. Life is but a succession of opportunities. They are for good or evil,—as we make them.

Many of the alchemists of old felt that they lacked but one element; if they could obtain that one, they believed they could transmute the baser metals into pure gold. It is so in character.

There are individuals with rare mental gifts, and delicate spiritual discernment who fail utterly in life because they lack the one element—self-reliance. This would unite all their energies, and focus them into strength and power.

The man who is not self-reliant is weak, hesitating and doubting in all that he does. He fears to take a decisive step, because he dreads failure, because he is waiting for some one to advise him, or because he dare not act in accordance with his best judgment. In his cowardice and his conceit he sees all his non-success due to others. He is “not appreciated,” “not recognized,” he is “kept down.” “He feels that in some subtle way “society is conspiring against him.” He grows almost vain as he thinks that no one has had such poverty, such sorrow, such affliction, such failure as have come to him.

The man who is self-reliant seeks ever to discover and conquer the weakness within him that keeps him from the attainment of what he holds dearest; he seeks within himself the power to

battle against all outside influences. He realizes that all the greatest men in history, in every phase of human effort, have been those who have had to fight against the odds of sickness, suffering, sorrow. To him defeat is no more than passing through a tunnel is to a traveler—he knows he must emerge again into the sunlight.

The nation that is strongest is the one that is the most self-reliant, the one that contains within its boundaries all that its people need. If, with its ports all blockaded it has not within itself the necessities of life and the elements of its continual progress then,—it is weak, held by the enemy, and it is but a question of time till it must surrender. Its independence is in proportion to its self-reliance, to its power to sustain itself from within. What is true of nations is true of individuals. The history of nations is but the biography of individuals magnified, intensified, multiplied, and projected on the screen of the past. History is the biography of a nation; biography is the history of an individual. So it must be that the individual who is most strong in any trial, sorrow or need is he who can live from his inherent strength, who needs no scaffolding of commonplace sympathy to uphold him. He must ever be self-reliant.

The wealth and prosperity of ancient Rome, relying on her slaves to do the real work of the nation, proved the nation's downfall. The constant dependence on the captives of war to do the thousand details of life for them, killed self-reliance in the nation and in the individual. Then, through weakened self-reliance and the increased opportunity for idle, luxurious ease that came with it, Rome, a nation of fighters,—became a nation of men more effeminate than women. As we depend on others to do those things we should do for ourselves, our self-reliance weakens and our powers and our control of them become continuously less.

Man to be great must be self-reliant. Though he may not be so in all things, he must be self-reliant in the one in which he would be great. This self-reliance is not the self-sufficiency of conceit. It is daring to stand alone. Be an oak, not a vine. Be ready to give support, but do not crave it; do not be dependent on it. To develop your true self-reliance, you must see from the

beginning that life is a battle you must fight for yourself,—you must be your own soldier. You cannot substitute, you cannot win a reprieve, you can never be placed on the retired list. The retired list of life is,—death. The world is busy with its own cares, sorrows and joys, and pays little heed to you. There is but one great pass-word to success,—self-reliance.

If you would learn to converse, put yourself into positions where you *must* speak. If you would conquer your morbidness, mingle with the bright people around you, no matter how difficult it may be. If you desire the power that some one else possesses, do not envy his strength, and dissipate your energy by weakly wishing his force were yours. Emulate the process by which it became his, depend on your own self-reliance, pay the price for it, and equal power may be yours. The individual must look upon himself as an investment of untold possibilities if rightly developed,—a mine whose resources can never be known but by going down into it and bringing out what is hidden.

Man can develop his self-reliance by seeking constantly to surpass himself. We try too much to surpass others. If we seek ever to surpass ourselves, we are moving on a uniform line of progress, that gives a harmonious unifying to our growth in all its parts. Daniel Morrell, at one time president of the Cambria Rail works, that employed seven thousand men, and made a rail famed throughout the world, was asked the secret of the great success of the works. “We have no secret,” he said, “but this,—we always try to beat our last batch of rails.” Competition is good, but it has its danger side. There is a tendency to sacrifice real worth to mere appearance, to have seeming rather than reality. But the true competition is the competition of the individual with himself,—his present seeking to excel his past. This means real growth from within. Self-reliance develops it, and it develops self-reliance. Let the individual feel thus as to his own progress and possibilities, and he can almost create his life as he will. Let him never fall down in despair at dangers and sorrows at a distance; they may be harmless, like Bunyan’s stone lions, when he nears them.

The man who is self-reliant does not live in the shadow of some one else’s greatness; he thinks for himself; depends on him-

self, and acts for himself. In throwing the individual thus back upon himself it is not shutting his eyes to the stimulus and light and new life that come with the warm pressure of the hand, the kindly word, and the sincere expression of true friendship. But true friendship is rare; its great value is in a crisis—like a lifeboat. Many a boasted friend has proved a leaking, worthless “lifeboat” when the storm of adversity might make him useful. In these great crises of life, man is strong only as he is strong from within, and the more he depends on himself the stronger will he become, and the more able will he be to help others in the hour of their need. His very life will be a constant help and a strength to others, as he becomes to them a living lesson of the dignity of self-reliance.

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#### A SONG—EARLY IN THE MORNING

(Dedicated to Hamilton G. Park.)

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When Aurora glints the mountains, in the resurrection day,  
 While the dew is on the lilies where the fragrant breezes play;  
 When the angel sounds his trumpet for the dead in Christ to rise,  
 O may I behold the glory of his coming through the skies!

Chorus: Early in the morning of the resurrection day,  
 When the dew is on the lilies and the fragrant breezes play.

In the joyous, sacred dawning of the resurrection day,  
 May I find my loved ones waiting to pursue our upward way  
 Through the flaming, golden splendor as we answer to His call:  
 Come, ye faithful, I will crown you—I, your King and Lord of all.

Chorus:

When his presence fills the temple, in the resurrection day,  
 May I meet the seer beloved with the saints in white array;  
 May our voices intermingle in that glad seraphic strain—  
 Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Christ has come to earth to reign.

Chorus:

RUTH MAY FOX.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

## TURKEY'S REVOLUTION.

BY JOHN T. WOODBURY, JR., OF THE L. D. S. MISSION IN TURKEY.

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[On the 24th of April, after a fight with the loyal troops of the Sultan, in which more than a thousand men were killed, the forces of the Young Turks or Constitutionalists, entered Constantinople, took complete possession of the city and forced the unconditional surrender of the garrison of the Sultan Abdul Hamid's palace. Martial law was proclaimed and comparative order was soon restored; measures were then taken for the protection of the embassies and all foreigners. Three days later, on the 27th, Sheik-ul-Islam, who is the head of the church, issued a decree deposing the sultan, which decree was immediately approved by the national assembly with not a dissenting voice. Abdul Hamid is now a prisoner in a palace at Salonica, headquarters of the Young Turks. Mehemmed-Reshad Effendi, the sultan's brother, who is two years younger than Abdul Hamid, was chosen successor to reign under the title of Mehemmed V. The deposed sultan is sixty-six years old. The new sultan has for thirty-three years been a prisoner in his palace at Constantinople, because of the jealousy and suspicion of his despotic brother who, it is now clearly evident was the instigator of the fearful massacres of Christians which has recently taken place in Armenia, in which over 20,000 people have been murdered. The new sultan has expressed himself in full sympathy with the constitution, and there is some prospect that another more civilized regime will be inaugurated in Turkey. Several Americans, among them two newspaper correspondents, were wounded during the fight in Constantinople. This article was written just before the events above referred to took place.—EDITORS.]

For years it has been a common saying among our people that Turkey's political affairs have reached such a state of corruption that any change, no matter what it might be, could hardly help being for the better. Perhaps the fact that our missionaries have suffered many inconveniences due to looseness in government, lack of punctuality in officers and precision in methods, may have influenced them somewhat and made judgment a little severe. Loss of letters and papers from the mails, otherwise their extremely late arrival, withholding, on the part of the officials, books which have



regularly been examined and marked to that effect by the seal of the censor; unnecessary and unlawful requirements made concerning passports, by ignorant and fanatical officers; banishment in deed if not in form by placing soldiers to see that no conversations are held and no work done; compulsory travel in undesirable directions, and in fact almost anything else that would go against the grain of Americanism's freedom-loving spirit, have all been factors in helping us to the conclusion that Turkey's changes can only be for the better.

The present condition of the Ottoman empire substantiates



Drawn from life by Joseph O. Phelps  
Plowing.

the words of our representatives to this people, wherein they have often said, that even if foreign powers did not interfere and reform this country, that it would in and of itself be revolutionized, because "a kingdom divided against itself cannot stand."

A majority of officers represent each an arbitrary government or power, wherein he concocts laws to suit himself, and any emergency that might arise, making sure that his concoctions will bring more bribe money his way; but at the same time he is very

careful that he is not treading on the toes of a superior, of whom more than likely he has bought his present office. If, however, he is accidentally or otherwise brought to task by a senior whom he may have offended by taking a bribe which would otherwise have fallen to his accuser, he in turn bribes his more powerful adversary with a good round sum and returns to his old practices with renewed vigor, for he figures that he must, from some source, get a compensation for that which he has been compelled to pay his lawless superior associate. Thus, the officers, from the mail carrier on up to the head, buys each his respective office from the one next in rank, better. The offices are sold from the top down, one man buys an office and then sells offices that come under his management. Each officer which he appoints sells the respective minor offices that come under his jurisdiction; consequently, if a change is made among the head officials, a great commotion follows. Under such a rule there is nothing which money cannot buy. Freedom for the murderer is in sight, if he has a little gold. Under such a tyranny nothing the poor man has is safe from the rich and not even the widow's portion is left to her unmolested.

#### CHANGES.

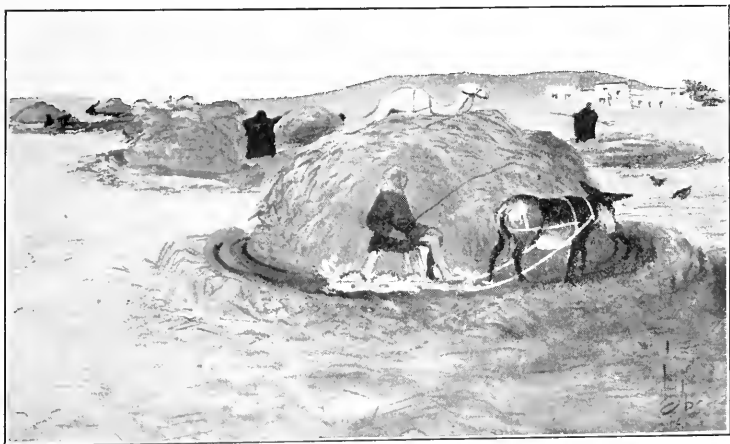
From an absolute monarchy the Ottoman empire has become a representative government with a constitution. At the time the constitution was made public, most of the higher officers were changed about in order that no conspiracies might flourish. Next all officers and soldiers were sworn to uphold the constitution in a peculiarly Mohammedan style with their Wällähē, Tällähē and Bëllähē. Next, the government sent representatives to all parts of its domains to explain the new move and tell the people they have freedom. Many of the people mistook anarchy, or lack of government, for freedom, and consequently many officers who had dealt very unjustly in past time were handled very roughly (some being killed) by mobs, urged on by leaders whose business it was to know that lack of government does not mean freedom. The censor and secret service men were then dispensed with. The presses and newspapers were made free to publish what they desire. All men serving terms of imprisonment for plot or conspiracy against the government were set at liberty. Thousands of

men were set free. This move gave other prisoners the idea that they ought to be freed, and was a fruitful source of prison breaks. In Sivas the prisoners, by some means or other, secured arms and rushed on the guarding soldiery, killing two. The soldiers stood firm, and after killing nine men, succeeded in returning the remaining prisoners to their pen-like prison.

Next, all Armenians, who, having left Turkey, desired to return, were permitted to do so unmolested. Word was given out that if anybody desired to go to foreign countries, or even to other parts of Turkey, passports would be issued to such persons without giving them unnecessary trouble and without charging them an outrageous fee.

The Armenians are now permitted to carry firearms if they desire, but the government is yet careful to see that they do not supply themselves with rifles. Though bribery and injustice in court were supposed to vanish entirely under the new system, it has by no means done so; nor could it consistently be expected to be wholly uprooted in a place where it has flourished for so many years, and that in the face of laws affixing heavy penalties, too.

Equality of all subjects is a theme much harped upon but never practiced.



Drawn by Joseph O. Phelps

Threshing.

Last, but not insignificant, is the fact that in this movement the Mohammedan has secured a handle by which he will be able to completely annihilate the Armenian nation. In the past, the Turk has been, he thinks, handicapped by the interference of other nations when he has murdered the Armenian after taking all of his arms. Interference of the foreigner has been uppermost in the Turk's mind, but now it will not be so. In the manner that his cunning has helped him in past ages, it has again come to his rescue. During his six hundred years of tyrannical rule, he has reduced the Armenian nation from thirty-five or forty million to a number that will not exceed five million.

In event of another massacre, which the crafty, blood-thirsty Turk would like to perpetrate on the handful of Armenians remaining, how could he excuse himself? Knowing that the Armenian desires absolute freedom, and that if any kind of a chance is given him he will rebel; still further, knowing that if he does so, he can at best cope with the Turk's millions for but a short time, the Mohammedan has given him a dangerous plaything in the form of a little freedom and at the same time furnished himself with a long desired excuse for exterminating his troublesome captives and obtaining what little property has been left unto them thus far. If a massacre should be the outcome of the movement here, and the Turks were held to account by foreign nations his answer would most assuredly be, We gave the Armenian freedom. He has misused it, and brought this calamity on his own head. By misusing his liberty he has stirred up our people, and their wrath has fallen upon him, and no one but himself is to blame. Whether such a thing will ever be done or not, or whether the Turk's prime motive foreshadowed such a thing or not, we may not know, but that it looks feasible can readily be seen.

#### ATTITUDE OF TURK.

Among the Turks there are several divisions. As a general rule the old Turk is against any change whatever in the government, because he considers that besides taking power out of his hands, it is striking a telling blow at his religion and his pride.

Another class (I might call it the middle one) is willing to concede a little toward making life easier for people other than

the Turk. They are a sort of conservative class, desiring to make a reconciliation with as little sacrifice of power as possible, at the same time, understanding that to be obstinate and sacrifice none, will mean, in time, to sacrifice all.

The third and important class known as the "Young Turk," desires that the country be free, and that liberty prevail. His motto is "Freedom, brotherhood, justice and equality." The motto is good, but will it ever be a reality? A parliament may make laws incorporating the grand principles in the four words above, but still, as long as existing conditions prevail there will always be an unwritten law which will say Armenians and Mohammedans are not brothers, and the Armenian is inferior to his haughty conqueror. There is no possibility whatever that, at least this generation of Turks will consider the Armenian as his equal, or, for that matter, any body else. At present, even the Turks say that there is equality among all the Sultan's subjects, but is it so? Not any more so than that it is a fact that the negro of our Southern States is equal to the white man. The law says he is, but the unwritten law says he isn't.

'Tis not an easy matter for a Turk to consider those his brothers or equals whom he and his forefathers for thirteen centuries have been taught are "ghower" or God-given especially for them to prey upon.

The Turk has become a world-renowned fanatic, and it will take more than a generation to grind out of him the storage of more than a thousand years, unless some extraordinary powers are brought to bear upon his calloused heart.

#### ARMENIAN ATTITUDE.

The Armenians are divided into two main divisions, both having absolute freedom and dominion as their ultimate aim, but their modes of procedure differ widely.

One division says, let us accept the proffered freedom as a stepping stone to absolute freedom. Under present conditions we cannot grow or acquire power, therefore it is absolutely necessary for us to accept the little freedom offered unto us that we may acquire strength to gain the freedom desired (a portion of the Ottoman empire to rule by themselves). With this little freedom we

can come into possession of arms and prepare to defend ourselves at the time when European governments decide to free us. If that time never comes, we may in time be able to free ourselves.

The other division says, let us not accept this mock freedom offered unto us because by doing so, we will lose our case with other nations. They will say that since you have accepted the terms offered you by the Turks, you have tied our hands and we can do nothing for you. Let us either die or be free! Now is the time to strike!

This freedom movement is simply a trick to weaken us still more, therefore before we are downed never more to rise, let us do something and then implore the aid of foreigners. If they come not to our aid, let us, at least, die fighting for freedom. 'Tis much better than being lured into a trap, and then slain like so many rats, without even a chance of defense.

It would be impossible to picture the hatred which most of the Armenians have for the Turk. In fact, I am free to say that if the Turk and Armenian changed places now, that is, if the former were in bondage and the latter was his master, there would in a very short time not be enough Turks left to tell the story of their horrible butchery. The Armenian has proved that he is just about as fanatical as the Turk and will give just as much if not more trouble to one who does not believe as he does, if it lies in his power.

The few officers chosen from the Armenians have proven beyond a doubt that they do not know how to use authority. Even though his authority be insignificant, he becomes exceedingly proud, and commands as though he were "Lord of Creation." There are exceptions, but they are few.

#### IMPOSSIBILITY OF AMICABLE MUTUAL GOVERNMENT.

The mutual hate existing between the Turk and the Christian will be found an insurmountable barrier to peaceful mutual government, until it be removed, if such a thing is possible.

Cold-blooded butchery perpetrated upon the fathers, wives, brothers, sisters and mothers of many Armenians of the present generation has engraved upon the hearts of those who were spared, vengeance and fear; vengeance for their relatives' spilled

blood, fear lest their own shall be mingled with that of their fallen relatives, and by the same hand that laid their loved ones low. Their despair engendering fear is so terrible at times that it reminds one of a wicked people awaiting the pouring out of the wrath and vengeance of an offended God. The Turk also fears, and therefore hates. He knows too well what it will mean to him if the Armenian ever gets any power. During the time of the massacre he received a warning never to be forgotten from a little Armenian village called Zeytoon.

The few Mohammedans that were in that village at the time were butchered in a manner that could only be the fruit of an undying hate. Soldiers who had surrendered and given up their arms to that village were afterwards slain with knives, clubs, hatchets, etc., in the hands of the villagers' wives. When the Turk again gained power in that section is it any great wonder that he swore that he would oppress them with taxes to such an extent that they would never be able to again regain their feet?

After such things have happened, can the Turk and Armenian go to war together against a foreign nation? No; each would fear that the other would turn traitor. More especially the Turk would fear that the Armenian would fall into the ranks of his Christian adversaries.

The Mohammedan does not and will not at present either give the Armenian justice, nor call him brother in earnest. Neither will he consider him his equal under any conditions. Furthermore the Armenian does not desire to become either a brother or an equal of the Turk in a mutual government. He wants, first and last, a land of his own and a government of his own, wherein he may do as he sees fit.

His six hundred years joint residence with the Musselman has not prepared him to be a successful, self-governing nation. The traits and customs of the Turk have been too deeply instilled into his life to permit him to be a just ruler or a conscientious servant.

#### A PERFECT MEANS OF ADJUSTMENT.

In his mad desire for a country of his own the Armenian is today ignoring everything else. He even says that religion is at such a time a secondary consideration and any one of their people

who places it foremost ought to be slain. No doubt that his religion could stand a second place, but true Christianity, never! Think of it! Ignoring the whole plan of deliverance, made by the King of the whole earth, and thinking that they can make a plan that will serve their purpose better. Even if they should become freed from their Mohammedan yoke, they would still fall prey to their own depraved natures, which would be worse still.

If Turkey's contending parties would only accept true Christianity, the despised "Mormonism," the gospel of love, they would have commenced the only solution to their difficulties. They would have commenced a purification of their individuals and thereby make a sure foundation for a righteous, peace-loving nation. Acceptance of the gospel in deed, and not in word of mouth, would put them in possession of the Holy Spirit, which would teach them how to be peaceable and loving, and how to banish their soul-destroying hate, envy and vengeance.

May the Lord grant unto this benighted people the spirit of repentance, that they may have the privilege of enjoying the same blessings that the gospel has brought unto us. May they prove in their lives that truth and truth only shall make them free.

Zara, Turkey.



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Manufacturers Building, Alaska-Yukon Pacific Exposition Seattle.



# PEACE.

BY WILLIAM HALLS.

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[The Hague Peace Conference was called by the present Czar, Nicholas II, August 1898, and held first at the Hague, Holland, in May, June and July, 1899. It was composed of representatives from all the chief powers of the world. The call or rescript issued by the Czar laid special emphasis on "the terrible and increasing burden of European armaments," and recommended for careful consideration the questions of "the maintenance of general peace and a possible reduction of armaments." This universal conference has given rise to several national organizations. In this country we have the American Peace Society with at least ten branches—open to all who desire peace on earth and good will toward men,—the Utah Peace Society being one with Ex-Governor John C. Cutler, president, and J. M. Sjodahl, secretary. The society was organized two years ago, and meets annually. For some years annual peace meetings have been held in many of the wards of the Church, under the auspices of the Relief Society, in May.—EDITORS.]

Blessed are the peace makers for they shall be called the children of God.  
How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace.

As all reforms must be conceived in the mind, it is quite gratifying to see such a world-wide awakening in the interest of peace.

Peace can never prevail till men are prepared to receive it.

No people are more interested in universal peace than the Saints; and no people more in sympathy with every intelligent move leading to that desirable condition. It is their mission to "lift up a standard of peace." They are ambassadors of the "Prince of Peace."

Peace in its broad sense means much more than the cessation of war. It means political, social, and industrial equality; also religious liberty.

On entering any vital reform, a few things may well be considered.

The scope of the movement, the good to be achieved, the evils to be overcome, the difficulties likely to be met, and the means at command to meet them. As long as cause and effect are related, efficient means must be used to accomplish our purposes.

What means shall we use to make peace? Is the theory, "to secure peace prepare for war," sound? It has not proved so in the past; why should it in the future? Will not the building of fleets and training of armies encourage the spirit of war? When the ruler of one nation visits another he is welcomed by booming of cannon; he is entertained in witnessing naval displays and military parades; and great pride is taken to impress him with their proficiency in the art of war.

In national fairs, holidays and festivals, the war spirit is emphasized; and in our institutions of learning, a misconception of true patriotism inculcates the spirit of war.

We train pugilists to fight; horses to run; we manufacture intoxicants that men may drink; and make cigars and cigarettes for men to smoke.

But we build battle ships and train marines and soldiers to insure peace! "Oh consistency, thou art a jewel!" "Oh inconsistency, thou art man." "Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad."

Under present conditions for any one nation to disarm would be unwise; that it is necessary to be able to defend ourselves against invasion is true; but that to prepare for war and encourage the military spirit on every hand will inspire sentiments of peace, is contrary to nature, to the law of environment. It is a psychological absurdity. As well contend that to improve the quality and increase the quantity of meat, and put it on the market in the most attractive and appetizing manner will promote vegetarianism.

If this theory were correct, it is impracticable, as there is no limit, no standard of efficiency; an army and navy of one nation are strong or weak as compared with those of other nations; and the army that is strong today may be by comparison weak tomorrow, calling for an additional levy. So that if we use 70 per cent of our revenue for defense today, we may have to use 80 per cent tomorrow to maintain a balance of power; there is no end in sight.

Assuming that the primary object of government is not only to defend its territory against invasion, but also to protect its citizens in their natural rights, including liberty of conscience; a glance at the condition of mankind as far as we have authentic history without going into detail, will suffice to show that the governments of the world have not filled the purpose of their creation. They have not given their people freedom and peace, especially is this true as regards liberty of conscience; intolerance has been the rule; not confined to Paganism and the dark ages of the Christian era, it has come down through modern history to our times, as witness the massacre of Jews in Russia; the Christians in Armenia; and the Latter-day Saints in America.

However sincere the advocates of peace may be, it is evident that very few have a clear conception of the magnitude of the labor before them, and the radical changes that must take place before their hopes can be realized.

The way the political world is at present constituted is incompatible with peace. If there were but two men in the world, and only one woman each would want to kill the other for her sake. And as long as there are two independent nations in the world and but one world to govern, each will want to subdue the other and rule the whole world, and as nations multiply strife will increase.

Before we can have universal peace we must have a universal government to which all nations, tribes and tongues will bear allegiance.

As the governments of the world after several thousand years trial have failed to establish peace, the Lord is going to take away some of their power and take the reins of government into his own hands.

Daniel tells of a time when the "God of heaven shall set up a kingdom that shall never be destroyed." If the Lord could accomplish his purposes through existing kingdoms, there would be no need setting up another kingdom; but new wine cannot be held in old bottles. If the Lord could save his children spiritually, by these man-made churches of modern Christendom, there would be no necessity for a new dispensation, and to organize another church; but new cloth cannot be put on these old garments.

As to who will be king of this new kingdom and the extent of his dominion, Daniel says: "I saw in the night visions, and behold one like the Son of man came in the clouds of heaven; and came to the ancient of days; and they brought him near before him; and there was given him dominion and glory and a kingdom that all people, nations and languages should serve him; his dominion is an everlasting dominion which shall not pass away; and his kingdom that shall not be destroyed." As to the power this kingdom will exercise, see Micah, fourth chapter: "And he shall judge among many people and rebuke strong nations afar off, and they shall beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks, nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more; but they shall sit every man under his vine and under his fig tree, and none shall make them afraid."

We see by this that instead of the Lord adopting the modern fallacy of preparing for war to secure peace, he will secure peace by taking away the means of war, every man will be protected in his political rights and also made secure in the rights of property. He may build and inhabit his own house, and plant and eat the fruits of his own vineyard, he will also enjoy religious liberty as Micah goes on to say, "for all people will walk every one in the name of his God; and we will walk in the name of the Lord our God forever and ever."

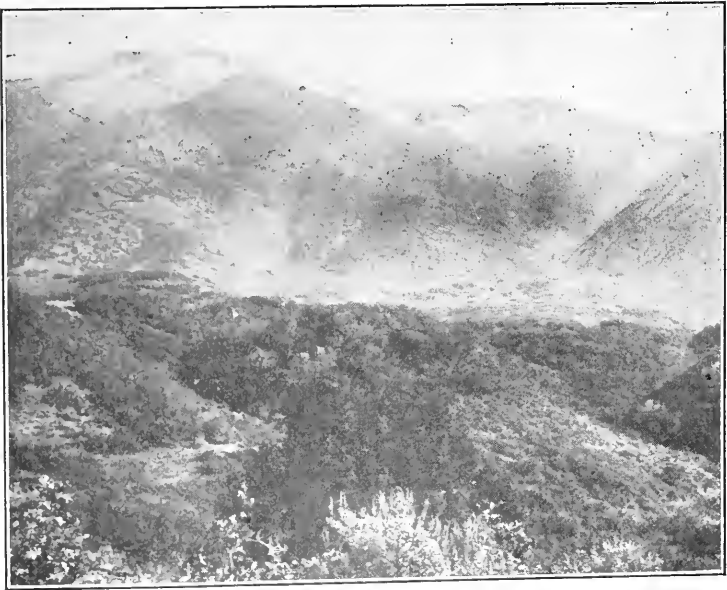
But before the Lord comes and peace prevails, there will be trouble such as the world has not known. These great fleets and big guns and terrible explosives will come into use; this universal fostering of the martial spirit will bear fruit. We can't sow war and reap peace. "War will be poured out on all nations" (Doc. and Cov., sec. 87). "And it shall come to pass among the wicked, that every man that will not take his sword against his neighbor must needs flee to Zion for safety, and there shall be gathered unto it out of every nation under heaven, and it shall be the only people that shall not be at war one with another" (Doc. and Cov., sec. 45).

After this great destruction among the wicked "shall the sun of righteousness arise with healing in his wings." And the righteous will go forth and grow up as calves of the stall and the wicked will be ashes under the soles of their feet" (Malachi 4).

This movement in the interest of peace is inspired of the Lord and should be encouraged by all. Let the Saints cultivate peace in there hearts, in their homes, in their communities. Let them labor and pray for peace. Let the elders go unto all nations and preach the gospel of peace, that the people may be ready to receive the Prince of Peace when he shall come to "reign on Mount Zion and in Jerusalem and before his ancients gloriously" (Isaiah 24).

Then shall the earth rest a thousand years, and the hopes of the peace-makers be realized.

Mancos, Colo.



A Bit of the Wasatch Range, at Uintah, Utah.

## PEOPLE AND PLACES IN THE ORIENT.

BY FRANK J. HEWLETT, DIRECTOR OF THE UTAH STATE FAIR AND  
PRESIDENT OF HEWLETT BROS. COMPANY.

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### I.—AS THE GOOD SHIP SAILS FAR AWAY.

Not so very long ago a sturdy son of old Ireland, with his wife and family, anchored in New York. His first quest was for employment, so he applied to the manager of a large manufacturing establishment. The manager asked him his name, which he replied was Patrick Maloney. A few minor questions were asked and answered satisfactorily:

“Let me see your references,” said the manager.

“And what is that,” asked Pat.

“Why a paper stating your habits, how long you were in your last situation, why you left, etc.—in fact it is a certificate of good character.”

“All right, Sir, will have it here in a half hour.”

Almost to the minute he returned with a clean sheet of paper neatly folded, and handed it to the manager, who read as follows:

“He is a hard working man. Has good habits. Does not use liquor or tobacco. Was in his last place seven years, and left it of his own accord to emigrate to America.”

Signed

“Patrick Maloney.”

The man of business scratched his head, while a puzzled expression passed over his countenance, as he said, “Didn’t you say your name was Patrick Malony?”

“Yes, Sir.”

“I expected to find this paper signed by your last employer, also some of your neighbors and friends, who have known you for a considerable time.”

The reply was brief and direct to the point.

"What I see, I see. What I know, I know, and can't I tell the truth about myself better than anyone else?"

The manager smiled at the unique reply. Suffice it to state that the son of Erin obtained the situation.

With me it is a labor of love to contribute, the best I can, a few articles for the ERA, and if at any time in depicting a few word pictures of people and places in the Orient, my pen—to use an old phrase—should suddenly drop from the sublime to the ridiculous, I trust that you will forgive me and remember the words of my Irish friend.

Just imagine you are in San Francisco and rushing with a large concourse of people to the Pacific Mail Docks, where the S. S. *Siberia*, a fine ship of eighteen thousand tons, is chained to the pier, breathing like a thing of life, ready to sail across the Pacific.

There is something so fascinating about the sailing of a great steamer, that it has not failed to draw a crowd, every time, for the last century. People go to see friends off, ostensibly, but there are thousand who go merely to see the ship off, for a great steamship is about the most majestic creation of man. That man can take a mass of eighteen thousand or twenty-eight thousand tons of steel, loaded with rich freight and with hundreds of human lives, and just by the ringing of a bell, now and then, direct it out of port and across the sea, is a triumph so splendid that it is not a wonder that it is a perpetual attraction to the men on shore.

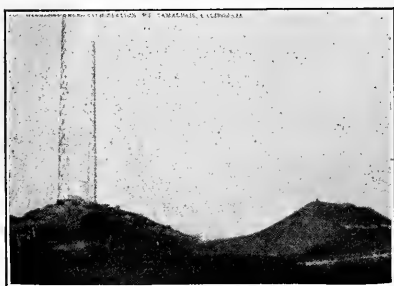
The fact that it is a mass as big as the ark which Noah built to save all the human beings who heeded his warning, and the living things necessary to replenish the earth after the deluge, also that



Frank J. Hewlett.

the brains of two or three men are going to take it out to sea and that things are so closely figured that we can tell almost to an hour when she will reach port on the other side, is the charm which draws men. It is such a triumph of mind over matter that they are never satiated with watching it.

It is sailing day. All the freight, except what is perishable has been passed through a cavern-like opening in the liner's side. The slings that yesterday carried flour, sewing machines, phonographs, and other products of Yankee industry, are now swinging from wharf to ship laden with rugs, trunks, and suit cases plastered with labels of every color and description advertising hotels in every part of the civilized world.



Wireless Telegraph Station,  
Mount Tamalpais, Cal.

Every member of the crew, from the captain in his gold lace frock-coat with cap to match, to the humblest of the fore-guards, is dressed in his Sunday best. The Chinese servants, who look neat and clean in their blue shirt-coats, and silk skull-caps, with red tassels on the tops, are anxiously awaiting the arrival of the passengers to whom they

will be "boy" for perhaps many weeks. The first English with which you are greeted, as he approaches with a smile, is: "What room?"

The decks are almost as white as snow and the paint and brass-work are mirrors reflecting the quality of the conscientious work performed. Clean canvas covers have converted the gang-plank into a grand stairway. The State Room doors fastened wide open, show the dainty comforts of the modern ocean-bedroom. The rooms are warmed by electric heaters arranged with a switch. A passenger who wants a temperature of seventy-five degrees Fahrenheit may occupy a room adjoining that of another who wishes only sixty degrees. Each room is also electrically lighted. There are also electric reading lights in each berth, under direct control of the occupant, and so arranged as not to disturb anyone



who may be occupying the adjoining berth. A private telephone is also installed connected directly with the central telephone office, which commands the entire ship.

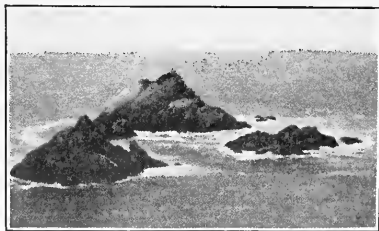
Our small traps and steamer trunk safely stored away in room forty-five, our large trunk marked "not wanted" packed in the baggage room, we are once more at liberty to take a trip around the decks.

It is only an hour before sailing time. The throngs that crowd the liner's deck are divided into groups, from each of which bubbles a stream of animated conversation. In the center of each group are the travelers or party of travelers surrounded by friends or relatives as the case may be, who came to say good-bye, and who are pouring forth farewell advice, taking notes of parting requests, or sending messages to friends in some far land where the travelers expect to visit. There is a sister pleading with a brother who is about to depart for Manila. You can tell by his eyes and general appearance that he had been "having a time" with friends the night before. You can hear her saying, "Oh, Tom, please don't taste a drop while you are away. Promise now, it will make us all so happy." A little further along the same deck you hear from the lips of a pretty girl "Bye-bye Molly, remember all letters, no postals." Messenger boys rush up and down the gang-plank bearing flowers, boxes of chocolates and other remembrances from friends unable to participate in the good-bye ceremony.

Every table and desk in the writing and reception rooms is

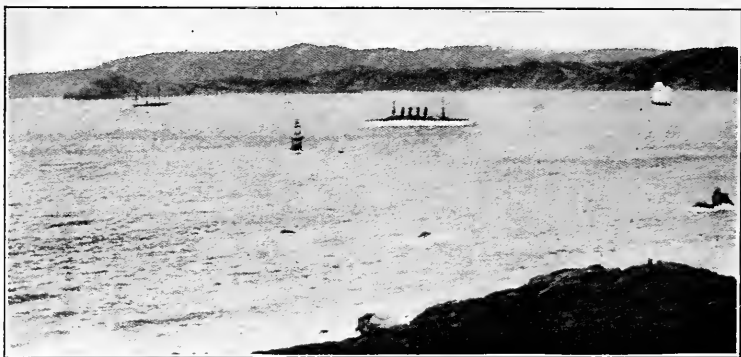


Marine Exchange Summit of Mt. Tamalpais, California.



Seal Rocks, San Francisco.

occupied by men and women, writing frantically on letters that will be brought ashore and mailed by the pilot, who leaves the good ship when he has seen her safely on the bosom of the Pacific. More passengers and their friends are arriving every minute. More violets, carnations, and other flowers on which California has prided herself, are being strewn everywhere to perfume the gentle breeze that is wafted across the bay. The crowds on deck are fast getting packed together until the broad promenade is crowded from rail to bulk-head.



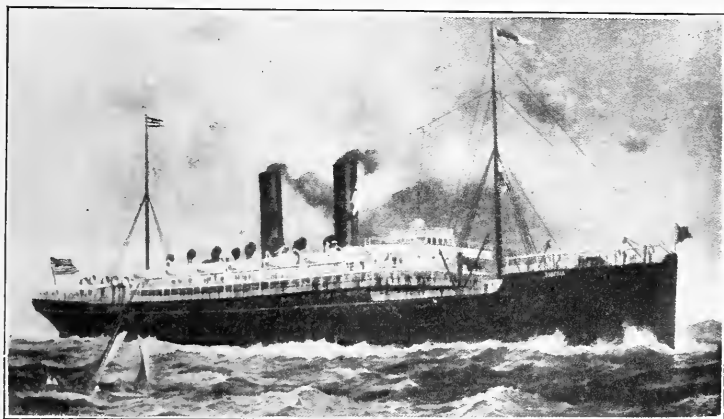
Lune Point and the Golden Gate from Land's End, San Francisco, Showing U. S. Cruiser, 'California' going to sea.

Like a clap of thunder from a clear sky a gong is heard. All know what that means. The noise begins on the lower deck and travels with increasing volume until the Chinese gong beater sent forth to announce the approach of the sailing hour, has chimed his message into every ear. A few moments later there arises above the still ringing echoes of the gong a voice that resembles the one belonging to the red-waisted speeler heard at the last Utah State Fair.

"Visitors all ashore—all ashore—all ashore."

The incessant clanging of the gong brings all light and trivial matters to a close, while the earnest good-byes are now in order. The warning is constantly repeated, and many a bashful lover summons up the courage to kiss the lips on which before he only gazed, when her eyes seemed turned elsewhere. That gong-inspired

courage has brought many a long courtship to a successful close, for the deck is Cupid's own particular preserve, and the gong one of his methods of luring victims within range of his love-shaft. You may hear the last words, "We will write every day and twice on Sundays." They are now scrambling by the score for the gang-plank. One sweet little maid of fifteen with tears running down her cheeks is making an almost futile attempt to force her way back to dear ones. You can hear her voice above the din, "I will kiss you all before I go."



S. S. "Siberia," upon which Mr. Hewlett sailed.

All are in the covered warehouse on the pier now. The hard-hearted laborers are slamming the sliding doors, thus shutting out the last view of the loved ones. Suddenly there is a rush for the rear end where the last peep may be had. A dozen blue-coated policemen follow them to keep order and avert accident. Handkerchiefs are waving, flowers thrown that drop into the water. At the lower openings to the steerage Chinese are pelting rice, and prayers on bits of white paper.

A prancing team drawing a wagon at a furious rate, defying all warning signs "Walk you horses" rattles down the wharf. The big Irish policeman at the last gang-plank sings out, "Out thur way fur office mail." Stevedores rush the bags and packages into the ship. For a moment there is a lull. Watches are con-

sulted. Two minutes more. A company official at the head of the gang-plank looks up at the bridge where the noble captain stands, waiting to assume the important work, that years of hard training have fitted him for, to take the big ship across the Pacific to Hongkong, China, and back through the Golden Gate to San Francisco. You can tell by the expression on his face that he fully realizes the responsibility placed upon him. He will be king in a miniature kingdom. His word is as the written law, and in a few days he may be loved or hated by his subjects.

The time is up. "Let her go," is shouted through a megaphone. The big ropes that have held her to the shore for the last few days splash into the water. Sounds from a bridge telegraph are now heard, followed by a whirr of machinery and swish of water as the great propeller begins to churn. From the brass throat of the siren comes a tremendous and prolonged blast. It is the voice of the liner announcing to the big boats, gasoline launches and smaller craft, "Clear the way!"

That parting blast puts a final quietus on conversation between ship and shore. Men and women are sobbing, losing all restraint over their feelings as the loved ones are slowly fading away. The liner gradually settles down into the deeper water beyond the wharf. The men who loaded her watch with critical eyes for indications as to whether her immense cargo and precious freight have been properly distributed or not. If they have, she will have a much smoother voyage. The whistle toots again, this time thrice by way of parting salute. Her ensign is dipped, and her voyage to all appearance is begun. She glides gracefully along into the stream for probably a thousand yards or more, then the machinery stops and the ship is brought to a standstill. A steam launch is being loaded at the pier. The same bustle and confusion prevail again only on a smaller scale. It is the last chance for belated passengers. Uncle Sam's mail bags that have been filled at the last moment, are tossed aboard. A covered wagon loaded down with Chinese, rattles right to the end of the pier, and about two dozen of them, with their bags and baggage are fired, without ceremony into the hold of the little launch.

They are a mournful looking crowd, and no wonder, for their fondest hopes have been blasted. They are now for various reas-

ons being returned to China by our government officials. The fussy little tug puffing so hard you begin to think she will explode, is soon alongside the Pacific mailship. Her load deposited, once more the machinery starts and the big vessel is now sailing with majestic gracefulness towards the "Land of the Rising Sun."

Field glasses are now being used, as she slowly heads through the Golden Gate. The historic Cliff House, burnt down a short time ago, is now missed, but will soon be built up again on a larger and grander scale. The Seal Rocks are seen, which are once more nearly covered with seals, and thereby hangs a true little tale. From out of the depths of wild waves and the roar of storm-tossed billows came the plaintive cry of scores of seals, returning to their old rocky home beneath the destroyed Cliff House. After the destruction of that place the animals found themselves driven from their haven, and wandered forth seeking other sections of the shore whereon they might find food and shelter. Recent storms, however, drove them from all parts of the adjacent coast; and as if obeying concerted and impelling forces, most, or all of them returned to their former home, on the rocks, beneath the ruins of the old Cliff House, where countless visitors fed and petted them in past days.

We next pass the old brick fort on the headland, the steep bluffs of Point Bonita, and the sharp volcanic outlines of Temalpais, forming landscape features of the Marine Peninsula to the north, all of which are scanned by the voyager with great interest. They are soon left behind, as the good ship *Siberia* moves westward over the ocean, past the Farallone islands.

A little fellow standing near me waved his cap, and opened the valve of pent up enthusiasm, as he realized the trip across the Pacific had now commenced in dead earnest, and shouted, "Hurrah for Hongkong!"

San Francisco, Cal.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

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### DEVOTION TO THE CAUSE OF ZION.

President Joseph F. Smith expressed his feelings of gratitude to the Lord in the following words, in his opening speech to the great assembly of Latter-day Saints at the first meeting of the annual conference of the Church, April 4:

I thank the Lord for all his mercies and loving kindness toward all his people, and, for that matter, for his continued mercy and kindness unto all men. I am very grateful that we have the privilege of meeting together this morning under so favorable circumstances, possessing, as we seem to do, many, if not all, of the blessings of life, health and strength, peace and the desire in our hearts to honor the Lord by our presence, manifesting our faith by gathering here on this occasion.

This is a witness of our devotion to the cause of Zion. My heart is full of gratitude to the Lord and of love for the Latter-day Saints and for the Church of Jesus Christ throughout all the world. To me there is nothing in life that can compare with the great work that the Lord is doing in the midst of the children of men in these latter-days. While it may be said, and it is in a measure true, that we are but a handful in comparison to our fellow men in the world, yet we may be compared with the leaven of which the Savior spoke, that will eventually leaven the whole world. We have ample assurance of the fulfilment of this thought in the growth and development of the cause from its incipency until the present, for it has steadily and increasingly progressed and developed in the earth from a mere half dozen of men seventy-nine years ago until today the members of the Church may be numbered by the hundreds of thousands. We have passed through the stages of infancy, of irresponsible childhood, and are indeed approaching the condition of manhood and womanhood in our experience in the gospel of Jesus Christ and in all the conditions incident to, and that are connected with, the growth of the

Church and the people of God, thus far in the cause of Zion, and also the necessity the people of God are under to uphold and sustain principles of righteousness and of truth against all the prejudices of the world, as well as against their own prejudices, and individual likes and dislikes and preferences. We are learning the great truth that man is insignificant in his individuality in comparison with the mighty cause which involves the salvation of the children of men, living and dead, and those who will yet live in the earth. Men must set aside their own prejudices, their own personal desires, wishes and preferences, and pay deference to the great cause of truth that is spreading abroad in the world.

To my mind there is nothing at all in the world so great and so glorious as the work that the Lord Almighty is doing in these latter days, and I feel grateful that I have been permitted as an individual to take part, in a humble way, in helping to promote the interests of Zion and to spread its cause abroad in the world, from the days of my youth until now. I sincerely hope and pray that I may be able to endure faithful throughout the remaining portion of my life. I have lived too long to think of faltering in the least now. I have put my hand to the plow, and it is too late to turn or to look back: and for that matter, there has never appeared to me to be any reason at all why I should look back, or why I should slacken my efforts or my earnest desire to spread the cause of truth and to help to build up Zion. Everything has pointed to the justness and righteousness of the cause and made my duty clear to me assuring me of my advancement and growth in knowledge and understanding by pursuing the course that I still intend to pursue, by the help of God, to the end. I see nothing to lose by following this course, but I think I can see that everything is to be gained by it. I am determined, therefore, to go on and continue as faithful as I can be to my duty, to the trusts that are imposed in me. As far as it lies in my power, I want to be faithful to the work of the Lord, that at last I may be able to give an account of my life and stewardship that will at least be acceptable to the Great Judge of the quick and the dead.

As it has been said many times in the past, "I am for the kingdom of God or nothing." Zion first and foremost. Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, that all other things may be added in the due time of the Lord, and in accordance with

his pleasure. These are principles that should pervade the minds and hearts of all the Latter-day Saints. We should have gained sufficient experience by this time to realize that no man, no individual, no clique and no secret organization can combine with force and power sufficient to overturn the purposes of the Almighty, or to change the course of his work: Many and many an individual has arisen in times past; and these individuals have been falsely impressed with the idea that they were going to work a wonderful reformation in the Church; they anticipated that in a very short time the whole people would desert their standard, the standard of truth to which they had gathered and around which they had rallied from the beginning of the Church until then. These persons thought the people would follow these "new shepherds," but the people of God know the voice of the true shepherd, and the stranger's voice they will not heed, nor the counsels of him who assumes authority that does not belong to him. None such will they ever follow.

The Latter-day Saints know the spirit of the gospel; they understand the spirit of truth. They have learned their duty, and they will stand by the truth no matter what may come. From the beginning until now, we have had to face the entire world; and the whole world, comparatively, is or has been arrayed against the work of the Lord, not all on account of hatred, not solely with the intent or desire in their hearts to do evil or to fight the truth but because they were ignorant of the truth, and because they knew not what they were doing. Many are deceived by the voice of the false shepherds and are misled by false influences. They are deceived; they know not the truth; they understand not what they do, and, therefore, they are arrayed, as it were, against the truth, against the work of the Lord, so it has been from the beginning. From the day that the Prophet Joseph Smith first declared his vision until now; the enemy of all righteousness, the enemy of truth, of virtue, of honor, uprightness and purity of life; the enemy of the only true God, the enemy to direct revelation from God and to the inspirations that come from the heavens to man, has been arrayed against this work. You have never found the friend to righteousness, the friend to revelation, the friend to God, the friend to truth, the friend to righteous living and purity of life, or he who is devoted to righteousness and is



broad enough to comprehend truth from error and light from darkness—I say you have never found such as these arrayed against the cause of Zion. To be arrayed against the cause of Zion is to be arrayed against God, against revelation from God, against the Spirit that leads men into all truth that cometh from the source of light and intelligence, against the principle that brings men together and causes them to forsake their sins, to seek righteousness; to love God with all their hearts, mind and strength and to love their neighbors as themselves.

The spirit of the gospel leads men to righteousness; to love their fellowmen and to labor for their salvation and exaltation; it inspires them to do good and not evil, to avoid even the appearance of sin, much more to avoid sin itself. This is indeed the spirit of the gospel, which is the spirit of this latter-day work; and also the spirit that possesses those who have embraced it, and the aim and purpose of this work is the salvation, the exaltation and the eternal happiness of man both in this life and the life to come. Will any man, or any set of men who really love righteousness, love God, love purity of life, and who are seeking for the truth, I ask, will such men array themselves against the work whose very object is that which they themselves seek? Those who fight against Zion or against the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints are fighting against God: against his truth; against light and knowledge and revelation from the heavens to man, which we know man has received of God in the day in which we live. What shall we do? Our plain duty—so plain that none should misunderstand it, none can misunderstand it, unless they allow their prejudice and weaknesses to prevail over their better judgment; our plain duty is to live in the spirit of forgiveness, in the spirit of humility before the Lord, in the love of the truth more than the love of ourselves and our personal interests.

The Lord told the young man who loved the world, that if he desired to be perfect, he should sell all that he had and give it to the poor, then, said the Lord, “Come and follow me.” This may be a very simple manner of expression, but there is a great deal of truth in it; there is an essential principle involved in it. It is the putting of that which is sacred and divine, that which makes for the peace and happiness of the souls of men, before our riches, before all our earthly honors and possessions. The Lord

Almighty requires this of the Latter-day Saints, and every man and woman who has embraced the gospel ought to feel in his and in her heart today, and in their souls always that "whatever the Lord requireth of me, that will I do," or that will I give, no matter what it is. To a certain extent we have reached that point, to the extent at least that we can forego the pleasures of home, the opportunity of making means, of devoting our time to labors and industries that bring great profit to us. We are willing to leave these things and for years consecrate our time and our efforts to the preaching of the gospel to the nations of the earth, and remain proclaiming the gospel in the world until it shall be said to us, "It is enough," and we receive an honorable release to return to our homes. This is, of course, a step in the right direction. Many of us can do this and many are doing it from time to time. Occasionally we come across an individual who thinks he could not do it. He thinks he could not sacrifice his home interests, and the profits of his business, which need his personal attention. He thinks he could not leave these interests to go out into the world to preach the gospel, and he asks to be excused from being called to such labor as this. I fear that in such cases, if he were called upon to make a sacrifice of a portion of that which he possessed of a worldly character for the building up of Zion, or for the spread of truth, or for the defense of the people of God, that he would be wanting in his willingness to comply with such requirements also.

For my own part, I would like to so live that with open heart and mind, before God and all men, that if I were required to go to the ends of the earth and remain there proclaiming the gospel of Christ, I would be willing to do it; or if I were asked to give up what I possess in the world, for the building up of Zion, for some special necessary purpose, for advancing the cause of Zion in the world, that I would be prepared and ready to say, Father, here is all I have; I place it upon the altar freely and give it for the benefit of thy kingdom upon the earth and for the advancement of thy cause. I would like to live so that this would indeed be my determination and that I would be able, if the requirement were made, to carry it out not only without regret but with pleasure. But this I earnestly desire—I want to live so that no matter what

any other man in the world may do, or say, and so far as I am concerned, there is but this one thing for me to do, and that is to be true to the covenants that I have made with my God and my brethren to stand firm and steadfast for the advancement of Zion and for the building up of the kingdom of God in the earth. I want to so live that I can have in me the spirit and determination to forgive my brother his trespasses, as I would desire him to forgive my trespasses against him.

We should all live so that the spirit of reconciliation, the spirit of peace, the spirit of love and of union may arise above the passions and feelings of anger and resentment that may be aroused in the hearts of men, in consequence of circumstances which might arise from time to time. Our lives should be such that these worldly things may sink into insignificance, and that the love of God in the hearts of brethren might rise above all other things, no matter what conditions or circumstances may be brought to bear upon us to provoke or wound our feelings.

There is no salvation but in the way God has pointed out. There is no hope of everlasting life but through obedience to the law that has been affixed by the Father of Life, "with Him there is no variableness nor shadow of turning;" and there is no other way by which we may obtain that light and that exaltation. These matters are beyond peradventure, beyond all doubt in my mind; I know them to be true. Therefore, I bear my testimony to you, my brethren and sisters, that the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth, that he lives and that his son lives, even he who died for the sins of the world, and that he rose from the dead; that he sits upon the right hand of the Father; that all power is given unto him; that we are directed to call upon God in the name of Jesus Christ. We are told that we should remember him in our homes, keep his holy name fresh in our minds, and revere him in our hearts; we should call upon him from time to time,—from day to day, and, in fact, every moment of our lives, we should live so that the desires of our hearts will be a prayer unto God for righteousness, for truth and for the salvation of the human family. Let us guard ourselves so that there may not come into our souls a single drop of bitterness by which our whole being might be corroded and poisoned with anger, with hatred, envy or malice, or any sort of

evil. We should be free from all these evil things, that we may be filled with the love of God, the love of truth, the love of our fellow men, that we may seek to do good to all men, all the days of our lives, and above all things, be true to our covenants in the gospel of Jesus Christ.

I know that this is Christ's Church. I know that the principles we have received are true, as far as I have been able to comprehend them. I need not enter into a lengthy talk or discourse in relation to these principles, for you are familiar with them; but I do know that every principle of the gospel of Jesus Christ, that has been revealed through Joseph Smith the prophet in these last days is of God and is true, and will stand for ever—that is, on its merit, as to its truth, it can never be overthrown. I know this with all my being. God has made me doubly assured by the presence and influence of his Spirit, and by the inspiration awakened in my soul to love that which is good and to desire to forsake that which is evil.

I know, too, that the Lord Almighty will accomplish his purposes, no matter about me, no matter what individuals may do, or scores of individuals, for that matter, or hundreds of them, or perchance thousands of them that may turn away from the truth, or who may fall by the way, stumbling over their own weaknesses as a result of the little strifes and bitternesses that arise in their hearts, one against another. Hundreds of thousands may fall by the way, but the kingdom of God will never fall. The work of the Lord will never stop, nor cease, for God has decreed that it shall continue to progress in the earth until his purposes are accomplished. This being true, no power beneath the celestial kingdom can hinder its progress. It can't be done, for God has decreed it. I see in the progress of this Latter-day work, from its inception, that mighty irresistible power,—that wonderful divine providence that makes for righteousness and for truth and for the advancement of the cause of Zion,—working in and under and all around this Church, until it has brought the Church to where it is. That same power will become stronger and stronger and will work with greater rapidity and greater impetus in the future than it has done in the past, in proportion to the growth and development of the faith and knowledge and fidelity of the people of God in the

earth. The kingdom of God and the work of the Lord will spread more and more; it will progress more rapidly in the world in the future than it has done in the past. The Lord has said it, and the Spirit beareth record; and I bear my testimony to this, for I do know that it is true.

We believe in righteousness. We believe in all truth, no matter to what subject it may refer. No sect or religious denomination in the world possesses a single principle of truth that we do not accept or that we will reject. We are willing to receive all truth, from whatever source it may come; for truth will stand; truth will endure. No man's faith, no man's religion, no religious organization in all the world, can ever rise above the truth. The truth must be at the foundation of religion, or it is in vain and it will fail of its purpose. I say that the truth is at the foundation, at the bottom and top of—and it permeates this great work of the Lord that was established through the instrumentality of Joseph Smith, the prophet. God is with it; it is his work, not that of man; and it will succeed, no matter what the opposition may be. We look now at the opposition arrayed against the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and smile, so to speak, with feelings of confidence, doubly assured by the experience of the past, in comparison to the feelings that possessed the souls of our fathers and mothers in the early days of the Church, when they were but a handful, with all the world arrayed against them; just a few poor, homeless people, driven from their possessions, cast out from the communities in which they sought to establish themselves and build their homes. When I think of our people, thrust into the wilderness, wandering and seeking for a place where the soles of their feet might rest, and to see, then, the world arrayed against them, and to think of the little chance that appeared before them for success and the accomplishment of God's purposes, I wonder that more of them did not tremble and falter than did; but some of them were true in the midst of it all, even unto death. If it had been necessary for them to have been martyred for the truth, willingly would they have given their lives, as they gave all else that they possessed in the world, for the knowledge they had of the divinity of the work in which they were engaged. Are we as faithful today? Are we as devout as our fathers were? Oh,

may God help me to be as true as they were! Help me to stand as they stood, upon the pedestal of eternal truth, that no power on earth, nor in hell, may remove me from that foundation. This is my prayer to the Lord, for my own sake, and it is my prayer to him for every Latter-day Saint throughout the length and breadth of the world. God bless you my brethren and sisters. May he continue to prosper us, and help us to increase in righteousness and faith, in union, and in love, one for another and for God our Father, and for our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, to whom we owe the hope and promise of redemption from death, and from the power of endless banishment from the presence of God. This is my prayer for you, my brethren and sisters, in the name of Jesus. Amen.

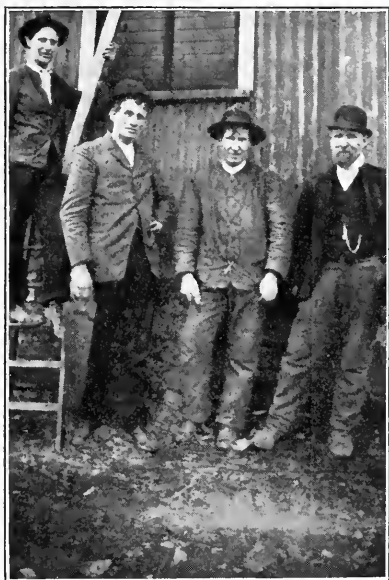
#### MESSAGES FROM THE MISSIONS.



Latter-day Saints' Meetinghouse, Aalborg, Denmark.

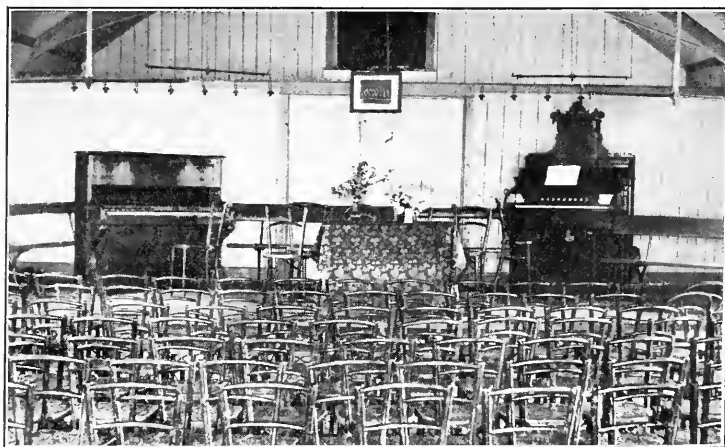
Elder Andrew Jenson, president of the Scandinavian mission, writes from Aalborg, Denmark, April 14, where he was attending conference in the new building of the Latter-day Saints in that city, a cut of which is presented herewith. He says that the elders in that mission are baptizing quite a number of converts and that they are hopeful for the future. President Jenson appears to be enjoying his labors very much and states that the elders in that mission read the *ERA* with great interest. He promises an illustrated article shortly for our magazine.

President John C. Larson, Jr., of the Manchester conference, in a letter dated Hyde, Cheshire, England, April 16, says: "I enclose a brief account of a new meetinghouse we have been building in the city of Oldham. We have a good, thrifty branch of the Church there, with

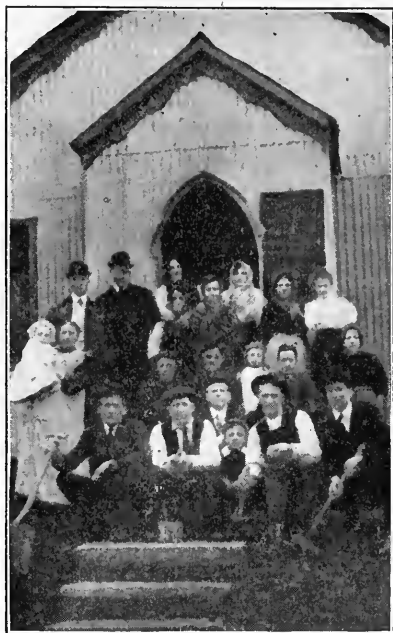


Elders Frank B. Meads, Charles D. Spence, W. S. Glenn and William Glenn at work on the Church at Oldham.

a good Sunday school and Mutual Improvement Association doing active work the year around. They were meeting in a hired hall, neither a fit place to worship the Lord in nor a desirable locality, so the elders and Saints decided to work to get a meeting house of their own. To this end they began holding socials and parties to raise money, and were very successful, for in less than a year they had raised over thirty pounds. A mission room was offered for sale very cheap which they very much wanted, but didn't have enough money to buy, so they applied to President Penrose for aid. He helped them by securing from the First Presidency of the Church forty pounds, the purchase price, so the building was purchased. Four elders started to work removing the building to the acquired site in another



Interior of the Church in Oldham as it appeared on the day of dedication.



A number of Saints and Elders cleaning and decorating the chapel at Oldham, England on the day before opening.

part of the city. Extra elders were called to work from time to time until all had helped. It elicited quite a comment to have the elders in working clothes bustling about early and late digging trenches, wheeling cement, laying brick, carrying timber from the lumber yard to save expense, putting up the frame work, and finally finishing and painting the house. First the people laughed at us, but before it was finished, they began to say that the "Mormon" preachers were all right, and treated us very nicely, especially those with whom we had business. They loaned us scaffolding, timber and tools, thus saving us this expense. One lady supplied us with water which saved us the cost of piping water to the building. Our greatest obstacle was getting a satisfactory lease for the land, but that battle was fought and won by President Penrose. We reluctantly

applied to him for more money—reluctantly because he had already given us more than we asked for. He responded with the needed fifteen pounds thus enabling us to finish the building. On the 27th of March the Saints gave a very successful and pleasant party, both socially and financially. On the 28th we held three meetings attended by many people and by President and Sister Penrose, the conference president and twenty-two traveling elders. At the evening meeting there were present two hundred and twenty-five people, and many were turned away. We had a spiritual feast, and were taught the gospel in plainness and power. In the afternoon President Penrose dedicated the house to the Lord as a place of worship. The building cost, not counting labor, one hundred and ten pounds, is lighted with gas and contains a hot water heating plant. The body of the hall is twenty-four by thirty-two feet. The stage is eight by twenty-four feet, and back of the stage are two class-rooms ten by twelve feet each. It is built on a cement and brick foundation, of corrugated iron outside, and matched lumber on the inside, and is well painted."



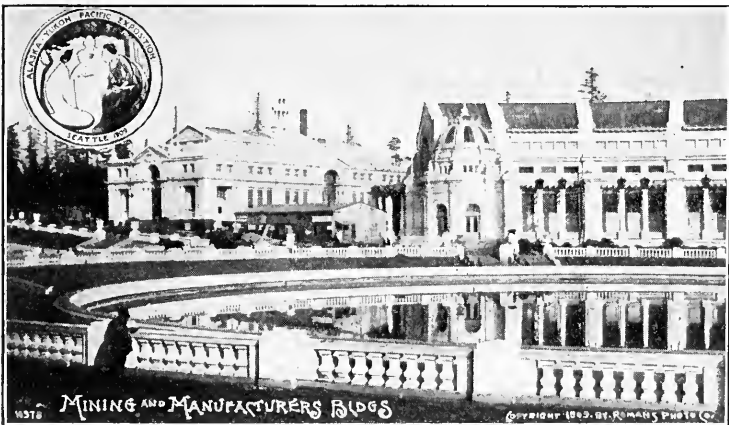


Elders of the Manchester Conference in front of the new Church at Oldham.

Top row: T. W. Duce, D. L. Pugh, S. B. Wallace (local), C. D. Spence, A. A. Atkinson.

Second row: A. Manwaring, C. A. Duke, N. F. Bullen, J. McMurdie, W. A. Langton, C. W. Gibbs, J. L. Barrow, W. S. Glenn, Jno. E. Layne, J. E. Burns, J. H. Bankhead.

Front row: L. G. Taylor, N. Doane, Rob't Blaine, Frank B. Meads, President C. W. Penrose, Sister R. B. Penrose, Conference President J. C. Larsen, Jr., Wm. Glenn, J. F. Evans, Jas. Walker.



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Mining and Manufacturers Buildings, Alaska-Yucon Pacific Exposition, Seattle.

## PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS' TABLE.

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**Continuing Elders' Quorum Meetings During the Summer.**—It is, of course, desirable that all the Priesthood Quorums shall continue their regular weekly meetings during the allotted season. This applies not especially to any one quorum, but to all of the quorums of the Priesthood. But particularly is it necessary that the elders should meet regularly during the summer to study the lessons assigned to them, for the reason that they received such a late start on account of the difficulty of obtaining manuals. These Elders' quorums missed much of the very important Book of Mormon study in the early lessons outlined for them. The *New Witness for God* being now printed, text books are not now lacking to enable them to properly handle their lessons. It would be very regrettable to have these lessons neglected because of the unfortunate delay. They are of great value to those who study them and of inestimable benefit to defenders and students of the sacred record—the Book of Mormon—so important that no elder can afford to miss the facts and arguments therein set forth. Every effort should therefore be made to keep the classes unimpaired and to induce the membership to finish the assigned lessons prior to the opening of the next season's work in January, when new courses of study will be provided.

**Approve the High Priests' Course.**—Elder Freeman A. Allred, secretary of the High Priests' meeting of Spring City, Utah, writes under date of April 30th: "The High Priests of this ward have authorized me to express their approval of the present regulations of the Priesthood. They are very grateful to be placed upon a progressive order of study and class work, feeling that much good can be accomplished by the course of study outlined, and also realizing that men cannot be saved in ignorance. Thanks be to the Lord that we now may be instructed more perfectly in theory, in principle, in doctrine, and in the law of the gospel. We wish every success in this study for the members of the Priesthood."

## MUTUAL WORK.

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### ANNUAL Y. M. AND Y. L. M. I. A. CONFERENCE.

The Fourteenth General Annual Conference of the Young Men's and Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Associations of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints will be held in Salt Lake City, Saturday and Sunday, June 5, and 6, 1909.

All officers and members of the associations are requested to be present at all of the meetings of the conference, and a cordial invitation is hereby extended to the Saints generally, to attend the meetings to be held in the Tabernacle on Sunday, June 6, at 10 a. m. and at 2 and 7 p. m.

JOSEPH F. SMITH,

HEBER J. GRANT,

B. H. ROBERTS,

General Supt'cy Y. M. M. I. A.

MARTHA H. TINGEY,

RUTH M. FOX,

MAE T. NYSTROM,

Presidency Y. L. M. I. A.

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### MARICOPA MUTUALS.

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The annual conference was held in Mesa, April 25. An officers' meeting in the morning, and general meetings at 2 and 8 p. m. Leroy C. Snow attended for the General Board. Supt. M. A. Stewart had this 'M. I. A. Battle Cry' on the neatly printed programs:

Today life's battle's raging;  
Enlist and fight today!  
Today put on it's armor;  
Help hold the right of way!  
Life may be gone tomorrow,  
Obey it's call today.

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### SHEFFIELD M. I. A.

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John C. Hall, president of the M. I. A. of Sheffield, England, writes, April 24, 1909: "I would like to report that our Mutual Improvement Association is doing a good work. Since it was organized, October 23, 1908, we have held

twenty-four meetings and one social gathering. We have completed the Junior Manual for 1908-1909 and are taking up the Manual for 1901-1902, "Principles of the Gospel." I think this will be of great benefit to the Saints and elders in learning more fully the fundamental principles of the gospel. Our average attendance is twenty-five, and we expect to hold meetings all summer. We hope to see a great improvement in the Saints by the time we complete the Manual we are studying at present."

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### SOCIAL.

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The Mutual Improvement Association of the Halifax branch (Leeds conference) gave a very enjoyable concert on the 3rd inst. There were about one hundred and twenty people present, many of whom are not members of the Church. The program delighted the entire assembly, and the concert was pronounced the best ever held in connection with the branch. The proceeds will be used for the purchase of books, etc.—*Millennial Star*.

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### "THE LAND OF THE PROPHET'S NATIVITY."

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Elder Junius F. Wells, well known among the young people as the pioneer worker in the Mutual Improvement Association, and the originator and promoter of the Joseph Smith Memorial Monument, in Vermont, has entertained over 15,000 people in Utah in the various stakes of Zion, with his lecture on "The Land of the Prophet's Nativity." The lecture given with stereoptican views artistically presented by C. E. Johnson, is one of the most delightful and faith-promoting it has ever been the lot of the writer to hear. Elder Wells gives a thrilling account of the building of the Joseph Smith Memorial Monument, under the very adverse circumstances encountered in this remarkable enterprise; and with the splendid views of the country he repeats a fascinating history of the land of the Prophet's birth, as well as sketches of his ancestors, and personal bits of incident and biography that captivate and instruct the hearers while they bring them nearer to the Prophet and make him dearer to their hearts. It is safe to say that no lecture, given in recent times to the young people, has produced more delight and been more edifying and instructive than this one by Elder Wells. It was first delivered in February, in Whitney Hall, Salt Lake, to about 1,100 people; then on the 7th of March, in Ogden; on the 11th, at Provo; Brigham City on the 12th; Logan on the 14th; Mt. Pleasant on the 16th; Manti on the 17th; Richfield on the 18th; and Forest Dale on the 28th. It was repeated again at Payson on the 9th of May, to a large congregation, and inquiries have come from Mexico and Arizona and many of the unvisited stakes of Zion to have it delivered, but Elder Wells has found it impossible to comply with their requests for the present.

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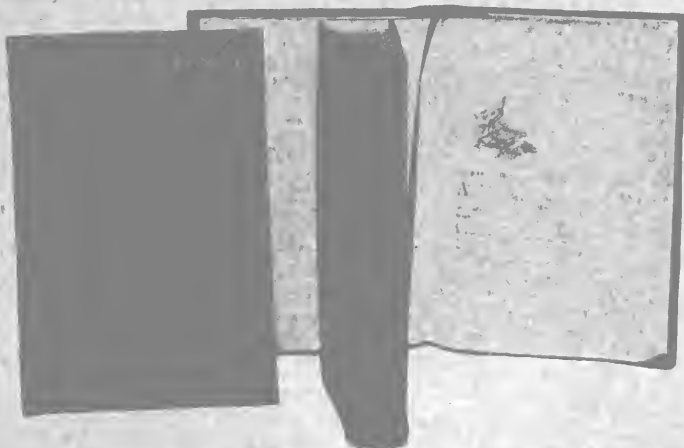
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